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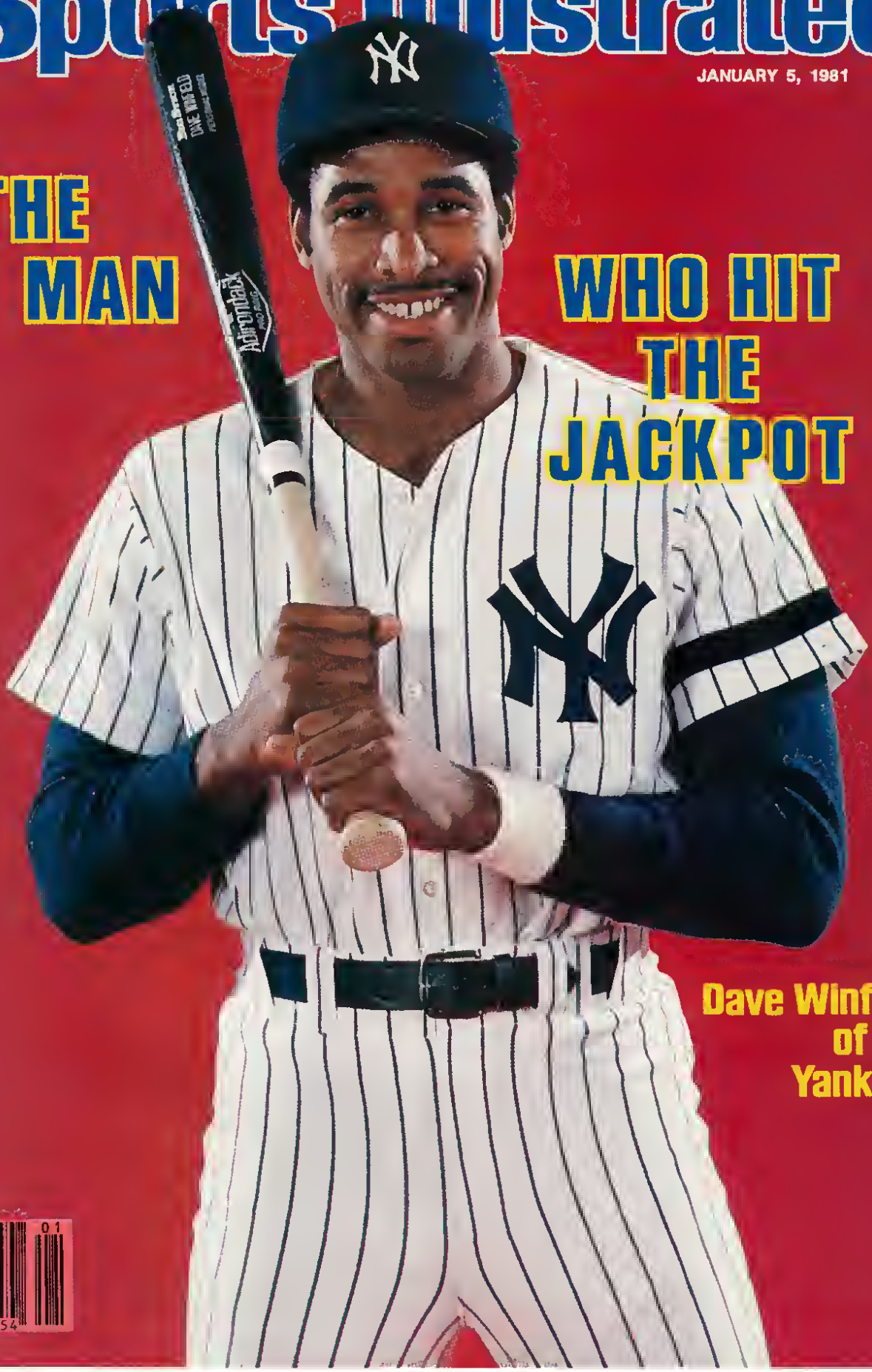
THE MAN WHO HIT THE JACKPOT



Dave Winfield of the Yankees

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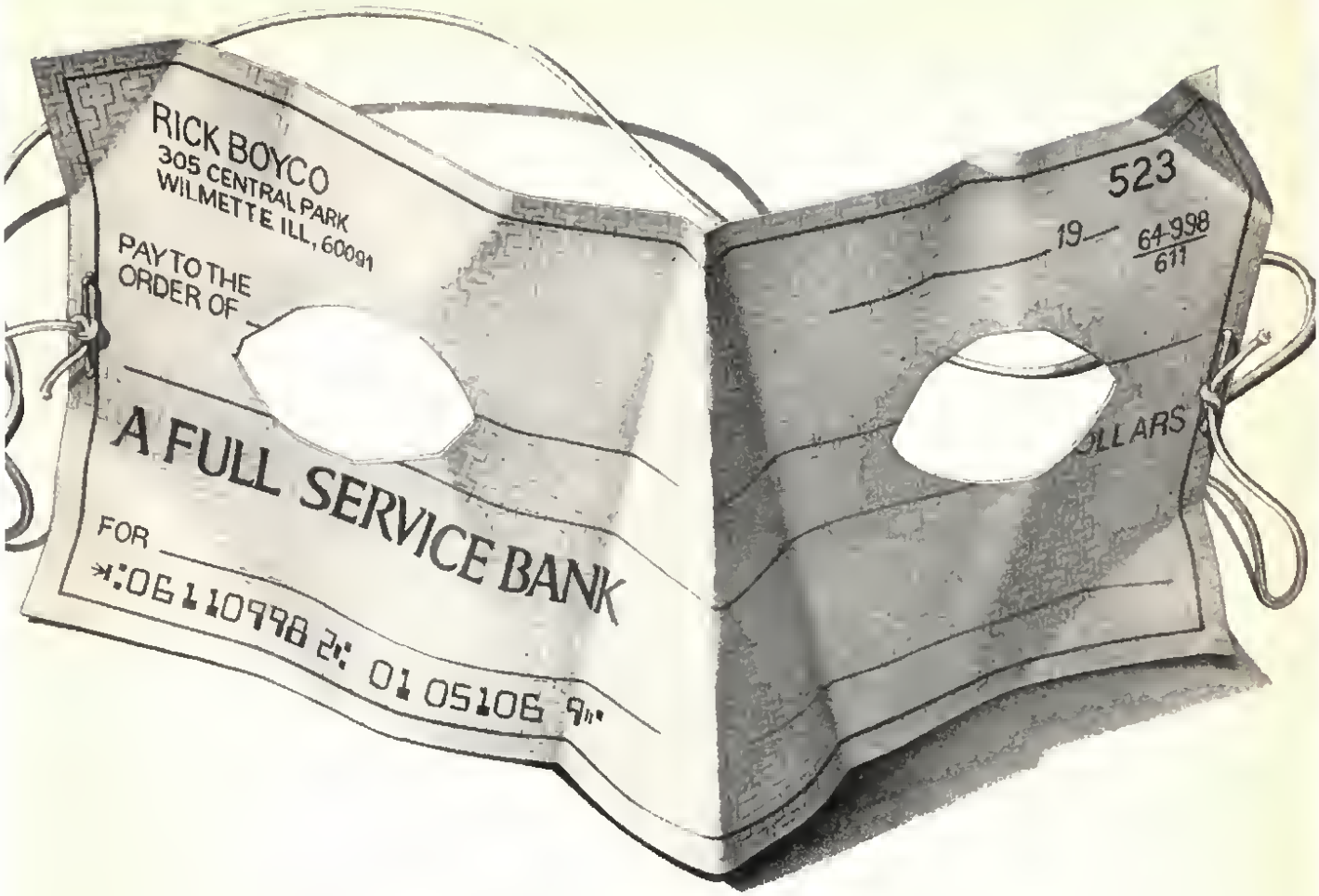

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Next Week

NOW THERE ARE EIGHT, and after the weekend's divisional playoffs only four teams will remain in the hunt for Super Bowl XV. SI will be at the battlegrounds for Dallas-Atlanta, Minnesota-Philadelphia, Oakland-Cleveland, Buffalo-San Diego

THE NBA'S MISSING PERSON FILE includes Ernie DiGregorio, the playmaking wizard who was Rookie of the Year in 1974. He's been out of uniform for more than two years, and Rick Talander answers the question: What happened to Ernie D?

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

KEYLOR TEEING UP FOR HIS RETIREMENT YEARS

On his last working day Arthur W. Keylor, who retires this week as Group Vice President of all Time Inc. magazines, stopped in at a luncheon for our 1980 Sportsmen of the Year and immediately buttonholed the captain of the U.S. Olympic hockey team, Mike Eruzione. Keylor had been a first-line right wing for Wellesley (Mass.) High in the mid-1930s, and something about hockey has always bewildered him. Why, he asked Eruzione, are righthanded people generally lefthanded shots in hockey?

"Eruzione's one of them, a righthander who shoots left, but even he didn't know why," says Keylor, himself a righthander who shot from the right side. "Mike said he thought it had something to do with holding the stick; that a righthander would naturally grasp it at the top with his right hand and then put the left hand on the bottom." Keylor later posed the same question to Emile Francis, the president and general manager of the St. Louis Blues. "What I got from Emile," he says, "was some palaver about power hands and guiding hands."

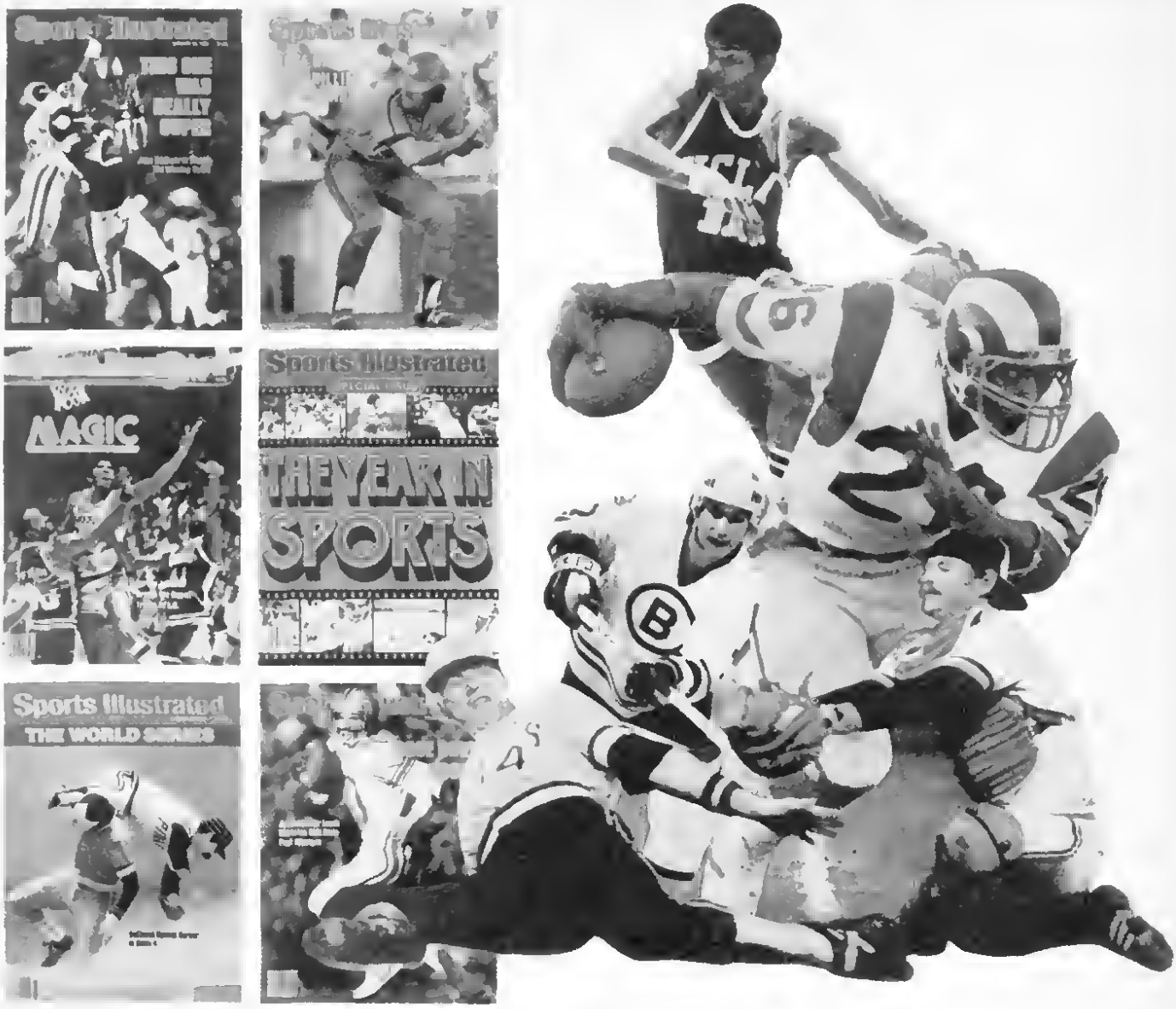
Well, Art, as a farewell present, we polled dozens of hockey players and found there is no reason why righthanded people usually shoot from the left. Or, as one NHL player told us, "Nobody ever thinks about things like that."

Art has long been an active sportsman, much preferring the role of participant to that of spectator. At Bowdoin College he swam "the 50 and 100 events, the shortest I could find." In 1948, the year he joined Time Inc., Art discovered golf when his wife, Frieda, gave him a set of Bobby Jones clubs for Christmas. Today he has a five handicap, but Chi Chi Rodriguez, one of his recent victims on the links, will be the first to tell you that Art plays to no more than a three. He has won 10 club championships and last summer shot a five-under-par 66 at the Blind Brook Club in New York's Westchester County.

Art started to ski when he was 42, and while he's conquered some of the world's toughest slopes, the sport leaves him in awe. "I look at a Tom Watson hitting a golf ball and can visualize doing something close to that," he says. "But when I ski with a Jean-Claude Killy and see him go down a mogul field making half as many turns as anyone else while traveling twice as fast, well, I can't ever visualize doing anything like that myself."

As Group Vice President, Magazines since September 1972, Art helped launch PEOPLE and DISCOVER, revive LIFE and expand FORTUNE from a monthly to a biweekly, and he has been an ardent supporter of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I'd like to thank him for that support, and to welcome his successor, my predecessor, Kelso F. Sutton, whose name appeared at the bottom of this column from June 1978 until May 1980.

Philip D. Howlett



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

AGGRESSIVE, BALANCED & LEARNING

As a longtime advocate of stringent measures to protect the environment, SI is concerned about Ronald Reagan's selection of Wyoming-born lawyer James G Watt, 42, to be Secretary of the Interior. As a lobbyist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in the 1960s, Watt vigorously opposed both tighter federal controls over industrial water pollution and stepped-up government efforts to reclaim strip-mined land. In his current position as president of the ultraconservative, Denver-based Mountain States Legal Foundation, he has consistently battled environmentalists and the Interior Department on the side of developers. In a Christmas Eve press conference following his nomination, he pledged to move "in an aggressive manner" to lease more public lands for oil, gas and coal exploration. He also assailed environmental "extremists," whom he described as "those who would deny economic development, those who would deny balanced management of our resources for the benefit of consumers and all Americans."

There is reason to question Watt's notion of "balanced" management. In an interview last week with SI Senior Writer Robert H. Boyle, Watt was asked whether the accelerated development he had in mind might not exacerbate the problem of acid rain, which has damaged fish and crops in the eastern U.S. and Canada. "I've got a lot of learning to do," Watt replied. Taken at face value, the answer was more distressing than disarming. Watt seemed to be confessing, in effect, that he has been extolling policies whose costs—both in terms of human health and economic damage—he hadn't yet fully assessed.

More encouraging, Watt told Boyle he would uphold "absolutely" the 1976 Federal Land Policy and Management Act, which empowers the Interior Department to, among other things, designate and protect wilderness areas. He also said he would name professionals rather than political appointees to head the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service. And he suggested that he was being wrongly cast as an anti-environmentalist. In addition to his jobs with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Mountain States Legal Foundation, Watt logged seven years as an Interior Department aide during the Nixon and Ford Administrations, an experience he invoked when he said, "The so-called environmentalists should read my record. No candidate could have a better public record. I'm challenging you to look at it."

Interior Department sources confirm that Watt's stands on environmental matters during his years in government service weren't quite as disturbing as his pronouncements in private life might suggest. Referring to Watt's performance as head of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation from 1972 to 1975, one official says, "His record wasn't bad at all. He fought for the bureau's programs, got its funding increased considerably and was an effective and articulate spokesman for outdoor recreation. He didn't have the reputation environmentalists are now painting." Watt's record at Interior was also cited by Norman B. (Ike) Livermore, the head of Reagan's Environmental Protection Agency transition team and a former director of the National Audubon Society. Livermore said that environmentalists might well be "pleasantly surprised" with both Reagan and Watt.

Such a surprise would be welcome indeed.

BREAKING THE RABBIT HABIT

In a sharp departure from greyhound-racing custom, the dogs at the Hollywood Greyhound Track in Hallandale, Fla. are no longer chasing a mechanical rabbit. They're chasing a mechanical greyhound. The change was implemented at the start of the track's new season last week, and the dogs pursued their fiber-glass likeness with every bit as much gusto as they had ever wasted on the hare. Animal lovers have criticized the use of rabbits, even mechanical ones, as lures at dog tracks, and Hollywood's general manager, Perrine Palmer, said, "We wanted everyone to realize that greyhounds will chase anything that runs—not just rabbits." To further make that point, perhaps the track will wish to come up with different lures in subsequent seasons. Before settling on a mechanical greyhound, track officials, kiddingly or otherwise, kicked around other ideas for possible substitutes for the rabbit, including a beer keg, a white flag and replicas of a race car and an airplane. All presumably would work nicely.

FLOWER POWER

Fan rowdyism is increasingly a problem these days, and Boston University's John T.F. Cheffers, an associate professor of education who has made a study of various forms of sports violence, has some ideas about what might be done to curb it. Cheffers believes some of the more virulent tendencies of fans might be minimized if controversial rulings by game officials were explained more quickly and fully, if scoreboard messages were used to divert attention from disputes and if, in the case of high school games, security were maintained, insofar as possible, by teachers and coaches instead of policemen. Cheffers also says that fans would be less rowdy if stadiums and arenas were made more "homelike," which he suggests might be achieved by adorning the stands with plants and flowers.

REASSURING TINTYPE

Landon Y. Jones, a senior editor at PEOPLE, has written a book, *Great Expectations*, dealing with the profound and continuing impact that the post-World

continued

War II baby boom has exerted on American society. Jones finds that because of their sheer numbers, the 76.4 million "baby boomers"—those Americans born between 1946 and 1964—have significantly influenced music, fashion and politics, and have been forced to compete in inevitably overcrowded college and job markets. One other possible legacy of the baby boom: the soaring popularity of baseball in recent years.

Jones notes that because they came of age during a period when the U.S. was undergoing wrenching social change, the baby boomers were overcome by a collective nostalgia, which many of them fueled by slavishly following baseball even while rejecting such other staples of American life as the family, the flag and free enterprise. Jones attributes this to the "special character" of baseball during the '50s and early '60s when many of the baby boomers were first exposed to the game. "In those days, before the time of expansion and free agents, all the events of baseball unfolded in a single summer's night in only eight ball parks," he says. "At the beginning of the 1950s, there were 16 major league teams; at the end of the 1950s, there still were 16 major league teams. Unlike the more volatile and technocratic professional football, baseball in the '50s offered a reassuring tintype of an unchanging world of smalltown values."

As evidence of baseball's powerful hold on the baby boomers, Jones points to Simon and Garfunkel's plaintive query, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?"; to James Simon Kunen, the Columbia University antiwar demonstrator, who exulted in his 1969 book, *The Strawberry Statement*, that at ball games he was able to "talk to anybody at all and share something and be together and understand"; and to Ted Gold, one of three young radicals killed in a Manhattan "bomb factory," who said he could never become a true revolutionary until Willie Mays retired. There's every reason to believe that the baby boomers, who are now mostly in their late 20s and early 30s, have contributed mightily to the attendance records baseball seems to set almost every season.

THE SCHOLL POLL

To judge by the reaction of executives of Scholl Inc., the Chicago-based foot-care-products company, Roberto Duran hurt his image even more than previously imagined when he abruptly quit against Sugar Ray Leonard. Scholl officials had cause to consider Duran's tarnished reputation after the company's Pro Comfort Division got the idea of asking sportswriters to rank the 10 top sports achievements of 1980, which were to be designated as the "Great Feats" awards Scholl's Great Feats, get it?

Anyway, the people tabulating the results of the Scholl poll found that the easy winner was the U.S. Olympic hockey team's triumph at Lake Placid, followed by Bjorn Borg's Wimbledon victory and Jack Nicklaus' U.S. Open comeback. Duran's victory last June in his first fight with Leonard received also-ran votes from four of the 10 participating sportswriters and consequently wound up in 10th place. All this, however, was before the Panamanian's shameful defeat in the rematch last November in New Orleans. There's a mild dispute over Scholl's reaction to the New Orleans fiasco. According to Hal Higdon and David Israel, two of the writers who cast votes for Duran, a public relations man representing Scholl called and urged them to rescind those votes. But a Scholl spokesman, while allowing that calls were indeed made to Higdon, Israel and two others who'd voted for Duran, insists that they were merely asked whether they wanted to switch. The spokesman added that none did and that Duran remained in the top 10. This may seem to be a lot of fuss over a 10th-place finisher, but Scholl's top marketing people, it was conceded, were worried about "public reaction" to any possible identification with the disgraced Duran.

You'd think Duran had quit against Sugar Ray because of bunions, not a bellyache.

A TIME FOR WISDOM

Last September Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn suspended Texas Ranger Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins for declining to answer questions posed by the commissioner's staff concerning Jenkins' arrest on drug charges a month earlier in Toronto. The suspension was promptly overturned by Baseball Arbitrator Raymond Goetz, who held that Kuhn's effort to compel Jenkins to discuss the case before it came to trial "offends the moral values of our society on which the legal privilege against self-incrimination is based." Two weeks ago Jenkins finally had his day in court. Ontario Provincial Judge Gerard Young found him guilty of possession of cocaine, and then, in a Solomonic judgment, granted the Canadian-born Jenkins an absolute discharge, telling him, "You seem to be a person who has conducted himself in exemplary fashion in the community and in the country, building up an account. This is the time to draw on that account."

Now it is Kuhn's turn to display similar wisdom. Reacting to Jenkins' conviction, Kuhn said it meant his office's investigation "obviously is going to have to continue," thus leaving open the possibility that he might discipline Jenkins for "the good of the game," the catchphrase pro commissioners ritually invoke when punishing athletes. Unfortunately, the commissioners often go far afield in imposing such discipline, dealing with off-the-field activities that have little directly to do with the game and, further, are amply covered by the laws of society. Unless Kuhn finds that Jenkins' possession of cocaine affected the outcome of games or endangered other players, imposition of such punishment in Jenkins' case would be especially regrettable. In his 16 years in the majors, during which he has won 259 games and avoided previous trouble, the 37-year-old Jenkins has done enough for "the good of the game" to more than offset any damage that might have been caused by his recent brush with the law.

BRAND CONSCIOUS

The Oilers had just beaten the Packers 22–3 on Dec. 14 when a fan in Green Bay's Lambeau Field threw a bottle of beer at Houston's Earl Campbell, who was, thankfully, unhurt. Later, in the Packer locker room, a security guard said of the incident, "That was really bush." Deadpanned Green Bay Linebacker Ed O'Neil, "How do you know? Couldn't it have been Schlitz?"

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Eruzione, captain of the U.S. Olympic hockey team, accepting an award at a Multiple Sclerosis Society dinner in Manhattan: "Here I am in a tuxedo in the Waldorf, and there are two Russian goaltenders trying to get out of Siberia."
- Butch van Breda Kolff, former NBA coach, explaining why he prefers his present job with the New Orleans Pride of the Women's Basketball League: "The time-outs smell a lot better." **END**

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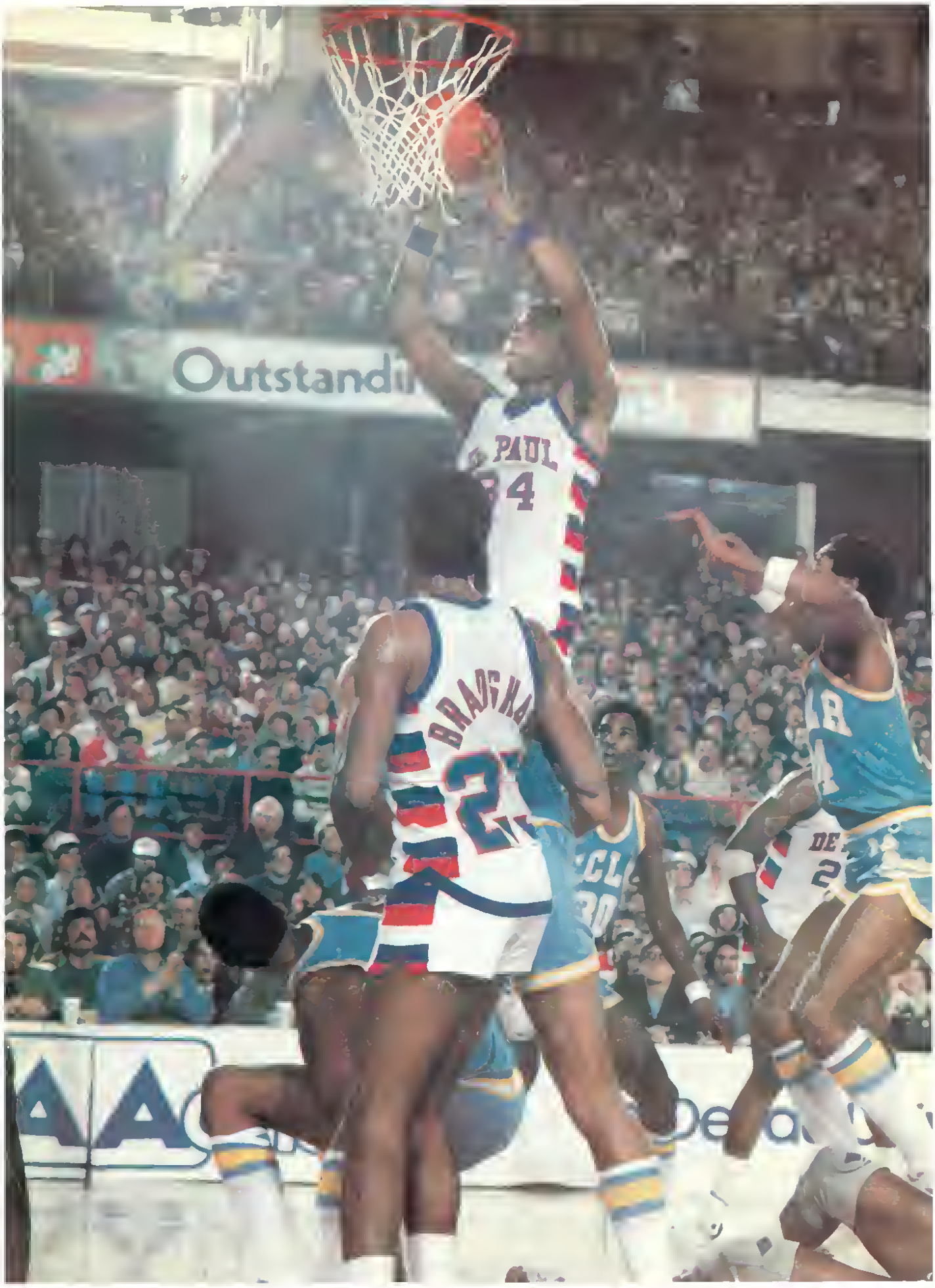
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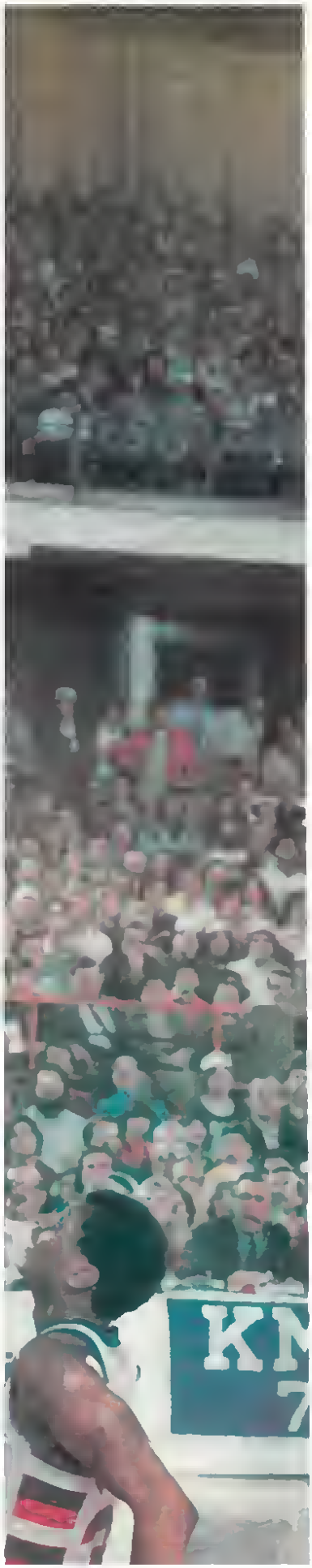


DEAR RAY: MERRY CHRISTMAS

With Mark Aguirre playing Santa, No. 1-ranked but sometimes somnolent DePaul gave Coach Ray Meyer a belated Christmas present by thumping No. 3 UCLA

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Ho hum. Now that DePaul has won its national championship, or rather its national *retribution* championship, the Blue Demons can go back to pouting and sulking and squeaking past the Maines and Wagners on the schedule. And acting, you know, really cool. Like they act when they don't care. Or when they aren't challenged. Or when they're not on national television. Or when they're not playing UCLA.

Over the last season and a third, in which DePaul has been just about the best college team in the country, the Blue Demons also have been the most enigmatic. Perhaps the word is lazy. How else to explain those embarrassing escapes by six points over North Texas State, by four over Loyola and by eight over Northwestern in No. 1-ranked DePaul's previous three games? But last Saturday afternoon Coach Ray Meyer's men had all their ducks in a row—the motive, the inclination, the TV spotlight and the opponent, especially the opponent—and the end result was nothing so much as a catharsis. In an absolute blowout of a very good (and No. 3-ranked) UCLA team by the score of 93–77, DePaul finally proved it is both as versatile and as talented as everyone thought all along.

Blue Demons such as Forward Teddy Grubbs soared to the upper reaches of Rosemont Horizon

When it was all over at the Rosemont Horizon outside Chicago, Mark Aguirre, the DePaul ringleader whose many moods seem to determine his team's behavioral pattern, swore that "revenge" was not involved in the beheading of the Bruins. "We just wanted to see if UCLA could beat us when we weren't in a slump, when we all were

continued

clicking," he said. "If they could, fine."

But UCLA couldn't. Not so fine. Not the way the Bruins did last March in the second round of the NCAA tournament when the Blue Demons were slumping and not clicking (read: nonchalanting) and so were upset 77–71. That defeat denied DePaul, then also rated No. 1, a chance at the national title they had been odds-on to win and dealt Aguirre what he calls "the biggest hurt of my life."

But this time the outcome was different. And the way Aguirre went about his 23 points and nine rebounds; the way Center Terry Cummings went about his 19 and eight; the way a slick-shooting stranger named Bernard Randolph came off the heretofore undistinguished DePaul bench to add 14 and six of his own; and the way the entire home team shot 56.6%, exploded for leads of 14, 18 (it was 47–29 at the half) and 23 points, then mugged, hugged and high-fived it all over the place, one could sense a lust for vengeance as well as a passion rarely seen at the college by the El tracks. "That's Christmas. I love you," Aguirre kept screaming as he put a Russian embrace on his venerable coach.

"I don't think I've ever seen a DePaul team so emotional—ever," said the 67-year-old Meyer, who has seen a few games in 38 years of coaching.

While certainly not new—the two schools first played 40 years ago, even before UCLA invented the cheerstarlet (her name, eat your heart out, boys, is Julie Hayek)—the DePaul-UCLA rivalry has only smoked up in the last three years, beginning when Aguirre came on the scene as a freshman and dunked in All-America David Greenwood's face. The Bruins won that December 1978 game, but DePaul came back to bounce UCLA out of the NCAAs. Then last season the teams exchanged those favors. "UCLA was always the dream school to me," Aguirre says. "Now it's the dynamite rival."

While DePaul had been away from home enough to be "lobbied out," as Assistant Coach Joe Meyer, the second of Ray's three sons, put it, this game was to be UCLA's first on the road. Unless one counted an 11,000-mile, round-trip foray to Japan, UCLA Coach Larry Brown didn't, even though the Bruins played their best game in demolishing Temple 73–49 at Tokyo's Yoyogi National Gymnasium. "We're still awfully young," Brown said. "Tokyo wasn't exactly a hostile environment. The Japanese presented us with new uniforms."

UCLA practiced on Christmas Day in Los Angeles, where the temperature was a record 85°. At 7:30 the next morning the Bruins worked out again, then flew to frigid Chicago, where it must have seemed like minus 85.

Brown was less concerned about the cold than about Aguirre, whom he had clashed with while working as an assistant coach on the Olympic team. Once Brown yanked Aguirre out of a game when the player embarrassed him with backtalk. "But Mark's a different guy now," Brown said. "He's happy with 18 points a game; he passes, helps out on defense, does the little things, plays the whole floor. I thought the difference between us and Louisville in the championship game last year was that we both had role players but they had the stone star [Darrell Griffith] who bailed them out when it counted. That's what Mark does for DePaul."

Since his Olympic summer, Aguirre's transformation had been as much physical as mental, what with shedding his vast Muffin Man poundage as well as his often lackadaisical attitude. Meyer, in fact, figured his star had become Mr. Wonderful right up to DePaul's second game of the season—against another one of those monsters littering the Blue Demons' schedule, namely Gonzaga. But when the coach pulled Aguirre out of that game in the second half, the 6′ 7″ junior responded angrily and the two had words on the bench.

Moreover, DePaul's early-season tranquillity had been disturbed by the careless play of sophomore Forward Teddy Grubbs, a sensitive soul who had become Meyer's whipping boy in practice. Aguirre was forcing that issue, too—using his co-captain's role as license to criticize Grubbs himself and to implore the coach to play Randolph, his old running buddy from Westinghouse High School days in Chicago, in Grubbs' place. And sophomore Randolph—nicknamed "Dolphin"; the gag is that with Randolph in the lineup, DePaul played with more porpoise—indeed helped save the Demons after Aguirre fouled out against North Texas State.

Cognizant of his team's failings against the patsies, Meyer nevertheless was fully convinced the Demons would be properly psyched up for UCLA. He put in some new wrinkles—the DePaul guards would screen down for the forwards instead of the other way around—and hoped to get an early lead so the Demons could fall back into their much-improved zone and test UCLA's suspect outside shooting.

Aguirre had been muscle-checked last season by three different Bruins, who had since graduated, but the defender who can stop him on finesse alone hasn't been born, much less discovered in Southern California. As Aguirre pointed out, "I don't see no beef on their side anymore."

Not that UCLA was lacking for dangerous customers. Forward Stew Sanders and Guard Rod (Rocket) Foster, basketball's fastest human, had demolished DePaul last spring, and the team was bubbling with confidence after its 6–0 start. "They know who they are now," said Meyer, "and they're so quick it's scary."

Among the burners was marvelous Darren Daye, who had done everything

Guard Skip Dillard deftly feeds the ball to Grubbs—basic basketball that befuddled the Bruins

but steal Kelly Tripucka's St Christopher medal in UCLA's impressive 94–81 defeat of Notre Dame. On Saturday, with Daye contributing seven points and three assists as well as shutting down Aguirre at the other end, the Bruins looked in good shape early on. But Daye's layup (forging the game's sixth tie at 20–all with 8:35 left in the first half) was to be the last Bruin basket for over six minutes and . . . suddenly . . . whock! . . . DePaul went for the jugular and put the game away.

Fouls and an uncharacteristic lack of poise by UCLA had much to do with it, but the inside work of DePaul's Cummings and that "stone," Aguirre—why nobody has yet dubbed him The Big A is another enigma—were big factors.

At 25–22 DePaul, Randolph, in for Grubbs, drew a charge from an unhappy Daye (his second foul), immediately after which Aguirre hit a short jumper from the left and a long jumper from the right. Brown yanked Daye and sent his two best rebounders, Sanders and freshman Center Kenny Fields, back into the game. But within a minute both had been called for their third fouls—the latter on a terrible cheapie as the Demons' backcourt magician, Clyde Bradshaw, slithered around him in the lane—and Brown had to yank them also.

By this time (3:30 left) DePaul led 33–23. Then the roof caved in. Not the Horizon roof—that happened in '79—the UCLA roof. With all the fouls, Brown's substitution system was in chaos. DePaul was pressing, the capacity crowd of 16,702 was in an uproar, and there was mighty UCLA with only one starter (Foster, who was 0 for 4 at the moment) in the game.

The Bruins made three straight turnovers without getting off a shot—1) a Mark Eaton foul; Eaton, a ponderous 7′ 2″ transfer, pushed off to get a lob pass just before realizing he had no business in this game; 2) a Bradshaw steal; and 3) a UCLA pass into downtown Chicago—and DePaul converted those into six more points and a 39–23 lead. One Demon basket was scored by reserve Dennis (Peaches) Moore, who had made just two hoops all year—surely an omen for Brown that if his team couldn't stop somebody named Peaches, it might be headed for the pits.

By intermission Foster and the other UCLA guards had missed six of seven shots over the stifling DePaul zone defense, a feat Sanders had accomplished all by himself. Still, the visitors had matched rebounds with taller, stronger DePaul, and Brown felt that if the Bruins could get off quickly in the second half, they had a chance.

They did. But they didn't. It was a measure of the Demons' brilliance—Aguirre and Cummings ("My horses," Meyer calls them) on the boards, Randolph ("Rudolph," Meyer calls him; oh well, a legend can't remember everybody) scoring at will, and Bradshaw directing traffic—that even though UCLA twice made eight-point runs and even though the lickety-split Foster scored 18 points after the break—the Bruins never got closer than 12 points.

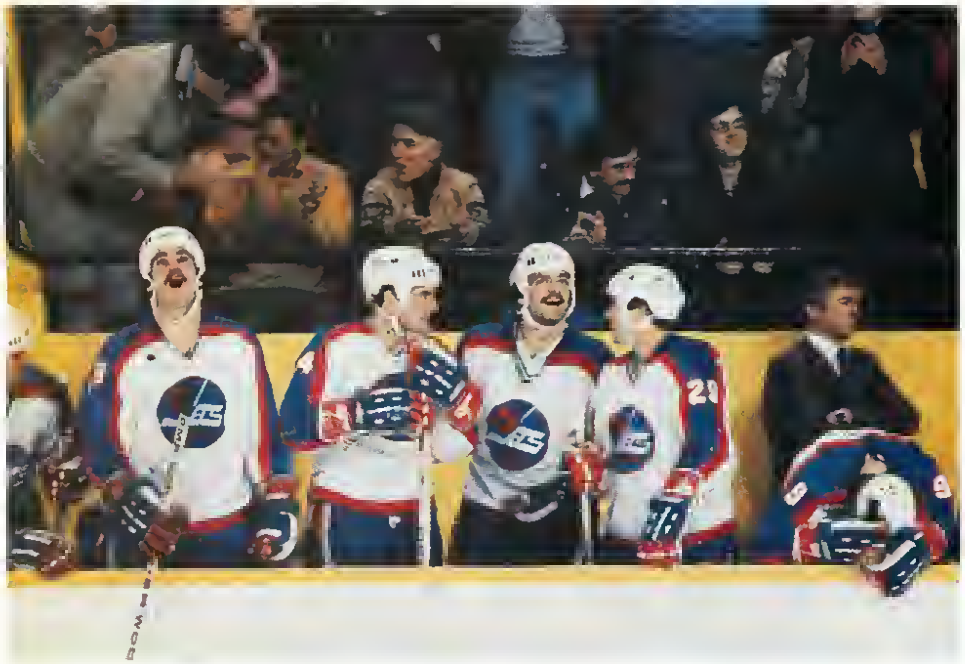
Sanders was whistled for his fourth foul (on an apparently clean block of a Bradshaw layup) with 14:06 remaining. Said Brown later, "The look on his face meant we were finished." And certainly UCLA was, after Aguirre converted an On Donder, On Blitzen, Now Dash Away pinwheel slam from the North Pole and then surfaced slapping his unique sidewinder-five handshake on every DePaul player in hailing distance.

The score was 60–41 and soon the undefeated (9–0) Blue Demons had accomplished what the team had waited for, as Aguirre shouted in the locker room, "A whole year. Yes, sir. A year. Take that!"

Sanders, who scored four points in 24 minutes, was bitter. "They [DePaul] shouldn't feel excited about winning under these circumstances," he said. "A team shoots that many fouls [DePaul made 25 of 30 free throws to UCLA's 11 of 18], they're bound to win. And they're not going to get any better."

Meaning, of course, that Sanders *hopes* DePaul doesn't get better, that UCLA does and that they meet again down the road. The NCAA finals might be an appropriate setting. **END**

LOSEIPEG REGAINS ITS GOOD NAME



So often had joy turned to sorrow that Doug Smail (9) prayed in the final seconds of the streak-buster

High in the rafters of the Winnipeg Arena hangs a giant portrait of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. She's not just smiling, she's grinning. It really is the darndest expression. Anyway, she started it. At 10:32 on Dec. 23, the night the Winnipeg Jets beat the Colorado Rockies 5–4, that portrait burst out laughing, and an entire city began celebrating Christmas a few hours early.

It was as if the Jets had won the Stanley Cup. Fans rose to their feet and cheered. Those who had worn bags over their heads tore them off. Players danced about the ice and hollered. They hugged Pierre Hamel, their goalkeeper, and pounded Willy Lindstrom, the forward who had scored the winning goal. Afterward, they stood around the locker room grinning, spraying each other with water. Life was fun again. After 66 days, after 23 losses and seven ties, the Winnipeg Jets had won a hockey game.

Thirty games without a win is a record for a professional team in a major league. The previous record of 27 winless games was also held by a hockey team; it was set in 1976 by a miserable club called the Kansas City Scouts, who became the Rockies in 1977. But the Winnipeg Jets are not a miserable team. They are not really even *bad*. They are inexperienced (average age: 23.7, youngest in the NHL) and are somewhat deficient in leadership, but the real problem is that they discovered how to lose—rather, how not to win. It took them a long time to get over it. As Forward Danny Geoffrion put it in his French-Canadian-accented English after The Streak mercifully came to an end, "We finally got dat cat out of de bag. I hope he never gets in dere again."

The cat got into the bag on Oct. 19. The Jets were on a one-game winning streak and led Quebec 4–2. With 51 seconds to play, Quebec made it 4–3. The Nordiques then pulled their goalie, and for some reason the young Jets started collapsing. When Quebec scored the tying goal with seven seconds to play, one observer swears that no fewer than four of the Jets were on the seat of their pants, staring forlornly upward at Queen Elizabeth's grin, which now had macabre overtones. *Ha ha ha, you think this is bad, just wait!*

That collapse was followed by four successive cave-ins on home ice, the Jets turning apparent victories into a loss and three ties. No lead ever again would be safe. Said Geoffrion, "I'll tell you, dey better not let us win one, because when we do, we won't lose again for a long, long time."

Well, they didn't—win, that is. For the next 22 games opponents let the Jets play rough, let them play clean, let them score first, let them score last, let them work and curse and skate, and let them hold on to a lead for a while—but they never let them win.

The goal that made Winnipeg a winner. Lindstrom's shot past Colorado's out-of-position Al Smith

Even the Queen couldn't contain herself when the Winnipeg Jets ended their 30-game winless streak **by E.M. SWIFT**

The Jets always played just well enough to lose. Night after night they'd go out and scare the daylights out of some team for about two periods, then they'd gracefully give the game away. It wasn't that they quit—that was just it, they wouldn't quit—it was just that they were never very comfortable with a lead. Heck, you wouldn't be either if you'd blown five leads in five games in front of your home fans. Who wants to be known as a choke artist?

Morris Lukowich, the Jets' acting captain, would lie awake till 6 a.m. after a loss, then he'd wake up a wreck and play lousy the next game. He had always been a favorite of the Winnipeg fans, always been cheered for his bustling, gutty style. Suddenly he was heckled in a game. *Choke artist!* The Jets lost again, and afterward Lukowich told the hecklers that if it was so easy, maybe they should come out and try it. One thing led to another, and Lukowich was ready to climb the boards after his own fans. Two women were so upset by Lukowich's language that they threatened to cancel their season tickets. And it didn't end there. Lukowich started thinking about it, started wondering why he was losing sleep over fans. "All right," he decided, "I'll show them exactly how bad I can play." And for three or four games he went into a sleepwalk.

By and large, however, the Winnipeg fans were terrific. Really special. When General Manager John Ferguson spoke on the Jets' radio talk show—call letters CJOB, as in The Trials of—one man phoned in to say that at this time last year, with the Jets 8–7–3 at home, he had already walked out of three games. Boring. This year he had walked out of none. So he figured that despite the abysmal record, the value of his entertainment dollar had increased. Good job, Fergie. Another woman called to say, "I'd like to congratulate John Ferguson for the job he's doing." Fergie waited for the sarcastic punch line. None came. She was grateful to him for not trading away draft choices, for sticking with the kids. That's the way the New York Islanders had done it. Keep it up! Fergie sighed and thanked her.

One night Jet fans came to the game—which turned out to be a 4–2 loss to Buffalo—armed with noisemakers and sirens. They screamed their fool heads off throughout, and once went so far as to give the Jets a five-minute standing ovation for an especially action-packed shift in which they had nearly scored. "That was the best shift I've seen all year," said Coach Tommy McVie, "even on television." The Jets hadn't scored, but a man's got to look on the bright side.

As the Jets approached the record of 27, their fans began to covet it. *Anything but anonymity.* One man wrote the local paper: "The Jets have agonized the fans for 25 games without a win. Well, I haven't suffered this long just to fall two games short of the record. I believe the Jets can give us the record."

It was after that 25th game, a humiliating 8–5 loss to Hartford, that Ferguson fired McVie. It was a hard moment, an emotional moment, but a change had to be made. McVie, who was liked and respected by the players, couldn't face them the night he got the news. Two days later he went to the airport to see them off on their next road trip. There were tears in his eyes as he shook their hands.

The firing had no immediate effect. Under the new coach, Bill Sutherland, the Jets lost at Minnesota 4–3, then tied the record on their home ice with a 5–4 loss to the Stanley Cup champion Islanders. The record-setter—No. 28—came on Long Island, where the Islanders whipped them again, 6–2. The Jets lost twice more before coming back home to Winnipeg for last week's game with Colorado. It was their final chance to end The Streak before Christmas.

In victory, it seems the world smiles with you

The first period was scoreless, but in the second the Jets took 18 shots on Colorado Goalie Al Smith and ran up a 3–0 lead. It was the first time they had been ahead in 10 games. Still, nothing has come easily for the Jets, and with 15 seconds left in the period Colorado scored to make it 3–1. Darn. Eleven seconds later the Rockies scored again. 3–2. The Jets had been here before.

But all things must pass. Late in the third period, with the game tied 4–4, Winnipeg's Lindstrom scored on a power play. There was 1:50 left to play, plenty of time, given the Jets' past performances, for Colorado to score a couple or three quick ones. Except this time the Jets hung on. They didn't blow it. With 40 seconds left, Hamel dropped to his knees in the goal and prayed, and the organist began playing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!" The crowd of 11,587 screamed, the Queen beamed from on high, and finally the buzzer sounded—ending the longest, most futile stretch in professional sports history.

Leaving the arena, Geoffrion recognized one of the Colorado defensemen and went over to shake his hand. Then he did a nice thing. Having been humbled by defeat, by 10 weeks of baffling frustration, Geoffrion wasn't about to take full credit in victory. That, too, had been out of his hands. "Danks for giving us dis one," he said to his opponent. "It's a nice Christmas present." **END**

SAD SACKS AT THE HOMECOMING

The Oakland Raiders staged a not-so-welcome-home party for Kenny Stabler, sacking their old quarterback seven times while routing the Houston Oilers 27–7

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The Snake and Dave Show—Kenny Stabler and his favorite target, Tight End Dave Casper—returned Sunday to Oakland, where they had starred on so many playoff teams, where they were legends. They were back in the Columbia Blue and White of the Houston Oilers. That old Raider safety, Jack Tatum, was with them, and don't forget that Mike Reinfeldt, the Oiler safetyman, was once a Raider, too. Oh, what drama.

Forget it. All the Oilers were over-

matched as Oakland won 27–7 in the AFC wild-card game and advanced to Round No. 2 this weekend at Cleveland. The Oilers were overmatched by a lean, gray-haired, weather-beaten assistant coach named Charlie Sumner, who installed a particularly nasty set of blitzes, and by two young defensive backs, Lester Hayes and Mike Davis, who executed them. Stabler was sacked seven times, Hayes and Davis nailing him twice each. Hayes is the left cornerback, Davis the strong safety. All their blitzes came from the left side, and each time they came in clean. Ted Hendricks, the 6′ 7″ linebacker, got Stabler once, on a left-side blitz. Willie Jones, the left-end sack specialist, got Stabler once, too, and Dave Browning, the right end, also got him once.

That's six sacks from the left, and they were hardly accidents. Sumner and his boss, Oakland Coach Tom Flores, had watched Stabler close up for all those years, and they were ready. "We've got to load up on him from our left side," Flores said the day before the game. "When Kenny drifts, he drifts to his right. He feels it gives him a better look downfield. We've got to make him uncomfortable out there."

So, on Monday, Sumner sat down with his pencils and charts and started loading up. His plan began with John Matuszak, the 6′ 8″, 280-pound defensive left end. Go in hard, John, and try to occupy two men; that shouldn't be difficult because Matuszak faces two men most of the time anyway. Then we'll come with Hendricks outside. Hendricks is the best blitzing linebacker in the business, a chap who has a knack for worming his way over and around blockers. Once Hendricks was a great linebacker, then for a few years he was just another good one, but this season he has had a renaissance, a return to greatness. Why?

"Because they're letting me freelance more," he says. "They're turning me loose."

So far so good. But for the Snake we need something special. Hell, the Snake *is* special. Who knew it better than Flores, a Raider assistant for seven Stabler years and the coach for one? "I've seen him carve up so many teams, just work them over," Flores says. "On Thursday before the 1977 Super Bowl, our offensive day, we went through a whole practice and the ball only touched the ground once, and that was on a drop. John Madden was standing next to me, and he said, 'Who do you think, Tom?' and I said, 'Throw a blanket over him and get him out of here. This is scary.' "

Oh yes, Flores saw the Snake do it to so many other people. He knew that if he didn't want to be another scalp on the belt, he'd better come up with something nifty. That's where Sumner came in. Fifty years old, 18 years an assistant in the NFL, Sumner is one of those guys who never gets mentioned when the usual roster of head-coaching candidates is circulated. But he does very nice things with his defensive units, and this was his ultimate challenge—a Houston offense with Earl Campbell, a bone crusher, perhaps the finest pure fullback who ever lived, to run the ball, backed up by the Snake, a little weaker in the arm department, perhaps, but more familiar with the Oakland defensive people than any quarterback alive, throwing to Casper, the Hall of Fame tight end of the '70s.

Earl Campbell bulled and battled his way for 91 yards, but most times there was nowhere to go.

"I consider myself a conservative type coach," Sumner says. "Blitzing isn't my style. But I saw something this time."

So Sumner topped off his creation with a wide, left-side blitz featuring Hayes, who broke into big-time ball as a 195-pound linebacker at Texas A&M, and Davis, a wicked hitter but a high-class athlete, as well—a 14.2 high hurdler for East Los Angeles Junior College. "On Wednesday in our meeting, Coach Sumner first unveiled the thing," Davis said. "My eyes lit up. So did Lester's. He said, 'Thank you.' "

Al Davis, Oakland's managing partner, said after the game, "Oh, sure, we've used Lester on blitzes this year." But Hayes shook his head and quietly contradicted his boss. "This was the first time," he said. "I didn't do it against other teams because they have some kind of adjustment to it. They slide block, they zone block, they pick it up. Houston doesn't. The Oilers' offensive scheme is out of the '40s. Brute strength. I kick your butt, you kick mine. Vince Lombardi football, Taylor and Hornung running the power."

The Oiler offensive line averages 277 pounds tackle to tackle, and 263 pounds when you line it up, seven across, with the two tight ends. It may be the heftiest in history, but it isn't mobile, and it doesn't adjust well to the unusual. The Raiders outflanked the Oilers' line with their darting blitzers, and it was like watching a bear trying to catch a wasp.

"They never made the kind of adjustment another team would've made," Hayes said. "They didn't make the moves needed to combat what we were doing. There was no change of venue, no tomfoolery. They just stayed with that brute strength concept."

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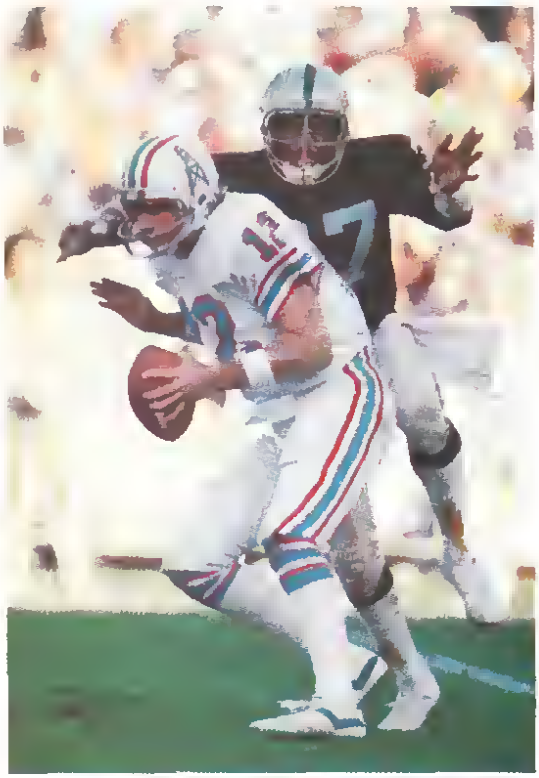


Hayes, the Raiders' ubiquitous cornerback, had a sensational day, sacking Stabler twice . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON

The Oilers have no offensive coordinator. Their attack is a three-man creation; three assistants, Andy Bourgeois, King Hill and Joe Bugel, draw it up and Bum Phillips has final approval. When the game was over Phillips sadly noted, "We were outcoached. They did things and we didn't have the adjustments."

Hendricks said the Raiders had a good read on Campbell, who carried 27 times but gained more than six yards only once. "When he leans all the way forward, you know he's going to carry the ball," Hendricks said. And they had a good read on Stabler, too. Three of the four sacks by Hayes and Davis came on first down, the other on second; in fact, only one of the seven sacks came on third down, the traditional sacking down. Six of those sacks killed a series.

After the game Stahler sat in a corner of the little auxiliary dressing room, slowly peeling off his equipment. He shook his head sadly when people asked him what had happened. He hadn't taken a particularly ferocious beating. The Raiders treated their ex-teammate almost gently, and even when Hayes and Davis got him on blindside shots that could have taken his ribs apart, they chose to jump on his back rather than stick him. The toughest hit Stabler took was when Matuszak, his former roommate, jumped offside and bowled him over.

"He said to me, 'I believe you're offside, Tooz,' " Matuszak said, "and I said, 'I believe you're right, pardner.' "

"We made some mental mistakes, we made some physical mistakes," Stahler said. "Sometimes we had the wrong protection called. I can't call this game a personal thing because I didn't play well enough to win. I know they're playing better defense than they used to."

Even with all those sacks, though, even with an offense that scored on only one of 16 possessions (one drive ended in a 45-yard field-goal attempt that hit the crosshar, another with a 37-yarder that was blocked and still another with a Hayes interception in the end zone), the Oilers were very much in the hunt as the third quarter drew to a close. Oakland led 10–7, but now the Raiders were backed up on the one-yard line following Hayes' interception. A safety was a very real possibility. Apart from Chris Bahr's 47-yard field goal, the Oakland offense had consisted of exactly two plays, a 37-yard Jim Plunkett pass to ex-Oiler Kenny King that set a second-quarter touchdown, and the TD itself, Plunkett's one-yard corner pass to Todd Christensen, who was in as a third tight end in the goal-line offense. Oakland's total offense to that point was 88 yards; its offense in the second half was a minus two.

Plunkett was having trouble homing in on his targets, and the Raiders couldn't run the ball, but now they buckled up and punched it out to the 28, where the drive died on two very bad misfires. As the offense left the field, Plunkett's passing stats read five for 18, and the Raider fans were treating him to some heavy booing. The next Oiler possession ended with a sack, and then Plunkett caught fire. "I don't know what was wrong with me," he said. "I've had spells like that when I couldn't hit a thing, but in this offense you keep throwing long. You don't worry about high percentages, you keep waiting for the big one, and sooner or later you're going to get it."

Plunkett got two in a row: a 33-yard-

. . . breaking up a pass meant for Renfro and . . .

er to Cliff Branch, flying down the right side, his only catch of the day, and then a 44-yard TD to Arthur Whittington, flying right, after a very skillful play-action fake. A field goal gave the Raiders a 13-point cushion—20–7—and with 5:29 left Hayes wrote finis with a 20-yard interception for a TD, picking off a sideline pass intended for Mike Renfro. Stabler's strength is over the middle, crossing patterns, hooks, curls, posts. He's at his worst when he has to gun it for the sideline, and Hayes said the pass to Renfro "looked like a moon shot. It was just beautiful the way it hung up there. It was as pretty as Hollywood Park. So beautiful, such a softly thrown pass."

So that's the story of The Great Return. Stabler was blitzed. Jack Tatum played sporadically as a nickel back and made a couple of tackles, broke up a pass and drew one exotic penalty called a "post position foul" that left everyone mystified. Reinfeldt played his usual steady game. Casper caught only three passes for 31 yards and wasn't a factor—except in the anger department. He infuriated the Raiders' Gene Upshaw, 14 years a starter at left guard, with some pregame statements to the effect that Upshaw was the worst offensive lineman on the team, an underachiever who seldom worked up a sweat, "the Michelin Man in his white suit . . . never falls down . . . never gets his uniform dirty."

"In all my years in football I've never heard one player talk about another one that way," Upshaw said. "When I showed up at the pregame meal all my teammates were reading that article, and they started calling me Mr. Michelin. A few of them asked me if I could get them a good deal on tires. I'll tell you, I wished I was out there for a few plays on defense today."

And the ex-Oilers on the Oakland roster? Well, King, who had languished on the Houston bench last year, caught that big pass in the first half. Dan Pastorini, who came for Stabler in the quarterback trade, was the saddest story.

He's the forgotten man on the Oakland team. He hasn't been activated for backup help, even though he feels his broken leg has healed. He hung around the Raiders' practice on Saturday, staring moodily out at the field, hands thrust deeply in his pockets. Three hours later, when the Oilers showed up for practice, he was there again and he came to life, skylarking on the field with his old gang, drilling passes to Bum Phillips, having a hell of a time.

. . . intercepting two passes, this one in front of Renfro, which he returned for a TD and a slam-dunk.

"God, I wish I was playing tomorrow," Pastorini said. "It would be the funnest game of my career."

That night Pastorini was in the Oakland Hyatt House, where the Oilers were staying. He brooded. He got into a scuffle with *Houston Post* sportswriter Dale Robertson, whom he had jammed with last year, and wound up chasing him through the parking lot. "He never caught me," Robertson said.

Pastorini got into his car. A few people tried to restrain him. Fifteen minutes later the car was wrapped around an elm tree in a residential neighborhood in Alameda, and Pastorini wound up in the hospital, getting his face stitched. He wasn't in his usual spot behind the Raider bench Sunday, leading cheers.

Restoring Pastorini's battered psyche will be a major reclamation project for Al Davis next year. But that's next year. Right now the Raiders are flying high. To Cleveland.

CONTINUED

Dorsett, here busting through the heart of the L.A. defense, something he did all game, powered the crushing Dallas ground attack with 160 yards.

TONY D AND BIG D LAUGHED LAST

Humilieted by Los Angeles two weeks eerlier, Dellas unleeshed Tony Dorsett and a five-men defensive line end humbled the Rams 34–13 **by PAT PUTNAM**

It's too bad, really, that Tom Landry isn't in Bum Phillips' league with the one-liners. If that had been Ol' Bummer whose team had trounced the Los Angeles Rams 34–13 last Sunday after getting beat up by the same Rams 38–14 just two weeks before, he'd have spit out enough They-Said-Its to last us for all of 1981. But the best Taciturn Tom could do after watching his Dallas Cowboys shock the Rams in the NFC wild-card game was this: "Do you remember the Alamo?"

Actually, what Landry and all the Cowboys remembered all too well was not the Alamo but Anaheim, which is

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR

where the Rams had annihilated them on national television on Monday night, Dec. 15. The Rams were so potent, and the Cowboys so impotent, that Dandy Don could have done his "Turn out the lights" number a few moments after the opening kickoff. As one L.A. newspaper assessed the Cowboys, "If this is America's team, America should bow its head in shame."

Lest they forget Anaheim, Landry made certain that that zinger, as well as many other snide Southern California comments about the Cowboys, found a prominent place on the players' bulletin board at the Dallas training complex. And then Landry went to work.

He had spent the entire seven weeks of summer camp dealing exclusively with the Cowboys' Flex defense, which had broken down all too often in 1979, culminating in a total collapse in the 21–19 playoff loss to the Rams, but once the regular season began he resumed his role as overseer of all units. Then, late in the 1980 schedule, the Flex became un-flexed again. The New York Giants, of all teams, put 38 points on the board against the Cowboys in an upset victory. The Rams riddled them for 517 yards of total offense and scored those 38 points before the third quarter was out. Then the Philadelphia Eagles scored 27 second-half points against the Cowboys to secure the NFC East championship, thus forcing Dallas to play the wild-card game.

So last week Landry again devoted all his time to the defense. And as Safety Charlie Waters said, "When the man is right there with you, critiquing you and quizzing you, you start to do it right." And when the doors were closed, Landry installed a defensive wrinkle that he hoped would prevent L.A. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo from setting up light housekeeping in the pocket, which he had done in Anaheim. Still, Landry wore a worried face to Sunday's game. "I haven't got the slightest idea what's going to happen," he said. "With this Cowboy team you never know."

In the great Anaheim debacle, the Cowboys trailed 38–0 before they got two meaningless touchdowns against the Ram reserves. But they scored first Sunday at Texas Stadium, Rafael Septien kicking a 28-yard field goal. The Rams responded immediately with a 73-yard touchdown drive for a 6–3 lead. The Cowboys promptly countered with a Septien field goal of 29 yards.

On the following series, Ferragamo lobbed a 21-yard TD pass to Preston Dennard to put the Rams back in front 13–6, and Madame Ram, Georgia Rosenbloom Frontiere, was probably checking the flights to New Orleans for Super Bowl XV. That Ferragamo-to-Dennard TD play had looked like any one of a dozen Ram highlights from the game in Anaheim. Dennard broke down the left sideline, Cowboy Cornerback Aaron Mitchell slipped, and L.A. had six points. Six easy points. Here we go again. But they would be the last points for L.A. this season.

In fact, Ferragamo had been fortunate to get that pass away. The game in Anaheim had been a piece of cake for Ferragamo, but now the Cowboys suddenly were pressuring him, harassing him, getting his uniform dirty, forcing him to hurry his passes, to throw them to invisible receivers, to throw them into the hands of Cowboys. Landry's wrinkle was working.

Most NFL teams remove a defensive lineman and insert a fifth defensive back, the nickel, on obvious passing downs; the Rams often use as many as six defensive backs in such situations. But one extra defensive back means one less rusher, of course, and Landry couldn't see giving Ferragamo all the passing time he had enjoyed in Anaheim.

Landry's wrinkle was simple: rather than a nickel back, the Cowboys used a nickel defensive lineman on most passing downs. They had five players rushing Ferragamo, not just three. Waters came out of the game, and 6′ 5″, 254-pound Larry Bethea joined Bruce Thornton (replacing the sore-toed Too Tall Jones), Larry Cole, Randy White and Harvey Martin on the line. "The whole idea," Landry said, "was to free White from the double-team blocking he always gets on passing downs. If we could get only one man on White, we knew we could put more pressure on Ferragamo."

Which is exactly what happened. "That five-man line hurt us a lot," said Ferragamo. "We'd never seen it before. Dallas had never done it before."

The Cowboys tied the score at 13–13 just before the half, Tony Dorsett blowing in from the 12-yard line, and in the second half it was strictly no contest. Or call it the Tony Dorsett Show.

Dorsett wasn't the happiest Cowboy in town this season. He thought Landry wasn't using him enough, for one thing. "I never know when I'm going to be in a ball game," he said. "I just show up and hope they put the ball in my hands. I want to run more. I don't believe using 50% of my raw potential is going to prolong my career. I'm not a punishing runner. I'm a finesse runner. If I'm used more, I kind of feel I'll produce more. The more I carry the ball, the better feel I have for the game."

Dorsett also was bristling over some critical remarks that Gale Sayers had reportedly made about him. "Sayers said I wasn't tough enough, that I try to run out of bounds," Dorsett said. "Well, yes, if I'm close to the sidelines I'll run out of bounds. I'm not a fool. I didn't get here being a fool. And I'm not going to stay here being a fool."

The only place Dorsett—and, for that matter, all five running backs that Landry used—ran Sunday was over, through and around the Rams. Dorsett carried the ball 22 times and gained 160 yards—68 more than all the Rams. All told, Dallas rushed for 338 yards, a club record. Dorsett has had 20 100-yard games in his Cowboy career, and the Dallas record for those games is 19–1. He also caught three passes from Quarterback Danny White, including a dumpoff over the middle that he took at the L.A. seven-yard line. Then he slammed past two Rams to get into the end zone for the game-winning touchdown.

White later hit Butch Johnson with a 35-yard scoring pass, having correctly read an all-out Ram blitz, and he put out the lights with an 11-yard TD pass to Drew Pearson, who then unleashed the longest pass of the day, throwing the ball high into the seats at Texas Stadium. Later, Pearson was told that his toss calls for an automatic $100 fine.

"That's all right," he said. "I just made $8,000 for today's game." END

RICHEST KID ON THE BLOCK

Outfielder Dave Winfield has moved into The House That Ruth Built, and for that he will drag down a cool $22 million ***by RON FIMRITE***

Bill Wilson, St. Paul's first black city councilman, was midway through his remarks at the ROADS (Royal Order of Amalgamated Dudes) annual sports award banquet when the "keynote" speaker appeared in the doorway looking like a million dollars. And more. "There he is," murmured some in the crowd of 250 men, women and children as the great man doffed a magnificent coyote fur coat and strode confidently into the room. Everyone rose to applaud him. "Dave," said Councilman Wilson from the speaker's table, "your timing is, as always, impeccable. I was at the low point of my presentation."

"They told me that," said David Mark Winfield, laughing gently. The crowd laughed with him. He was back home again in wintry Minnesota, this time as the richest kid on the block.

His mother, Arline, was in the ball this night, and so were his older brother, Steve, and his coach from the Oxford (now Jimmy Lee) playground, Bill Peterson, and his pals Don Nelson, Jerry Douglas, Joe Janitschke, Kwame McDonald and all the rest. "There probably isn't a person in this room who hasn't had some influence on Dave's life," whispered McDonald as Steve Winfield mounted the rostrum.

"Who says great things don't come out of St. Paul?" Steve began. "Here is a man who came from the J.J. Hill School, the Oxford playground, Marshall Junior High, St. Paul Central High and the University of Minnesota. I give you somebody I respect, but more than that, I give you somebody I love as my brother."

Dave Winfield apologized for his tardy, if dramatic, arrival at the banquet. "I got bumped from my plane in Denver," he said. "My clothes haven't made it here yet." What raiment remained was exquisitely tailored. The kid from the old Summit University neighborhood looked the part of the multimillionaire he had so recently become. "I just want you to know that I'm the same person I've always been. It's just in the past few days that people have been treating me differently. I'm here because this is home. I come from right here. I don't see myself as anyone different."

He may be the same to the home folks, but at 29 Dave Winfield looks a little different to the rest of the world. Only a week before, he had signed a 10-year contract with the New York Yankees that is reputedly worth $15 million. There has been speculation that, with inflation adjustments, the total package may exceed $22 million and that Winfield's salary for the final year of the contract, when he will be 39, will be some $3.3 million. His new employer, George Steinbrenner, insists these elephantine figures are "totally exaggerated," but he concedes that Winfield will receive a signing bonus of a million and that his first-year salary will be in the high-rent neighborhood of $1.4 million. Give or take a hundred thou or so, Winfield is indisputably (for the moment) baseball's highest paid player. Not bad for a man who hit .276 last year with 20 homers and 87 runs batted in. In fact, for all but two seasons of his eight-year major league career with the San Diego Padres, Winfield—who stands 6′ 6″, weighs 220 and is fleet afoot and strong of arm—has been an athlete whose potential has far surpassed his performance. Steinbrenner and the Yankees are obviously betting millions that this elusive potential will not remain beyond his reach.

Winfield boasts of his reverence for the work ethic and rebukes critics of his newfound riches by advising them that he has "paid his dues."

"My grandmother told me a long time ago, 'Boy, you've got to sacrifice,' " he says. But the management of the Padres, the San Diego fans and much of the press there regard such blue-collar homilies with skepticism. Last season he was accused of dogging it on the field on occasion and of playing only for himself. His departure was marred by acrimony, and Winfield protests that his mediocre season was brought on by management treachery, fan betrayal and media cruelty.

But not even his bitterest critic can deny that he was the finest player in the history of the San Diego franchise. In 1979 he batted .308 for the second season in succession, hit 34 home runs and drove in a league-leading 118 runs for a team that finished fifth in the National League West. The next most productive Padre RBI man was Gene Tenace, who drove in all of 67. Winfield that year was the San Diego offense.

And yet it was not that year but in the middle of the previous season that he and his agent, Al Frohman, approached team President Ballard Smith with a salary proposal. Al- *continued*

The newest Yankee was introduced to New York, dressed appropriately like a Wall Street banker.

ESPN

Arlene Winfield loves both her sons, Dave and Steve, but guess which one signed the contract

WINFIELD BONANZA *continued*

though Winfield's contract, which paid him $350,000 annually, was not to expire until the end of the '80 season, they felt it was time to open negotiations. "The '78 season was his first batting over .300," says Smith, a seemingly put-upon young man who is owner Ray Kroc's son-in-law, "but they were telling me they *might* sign for a million a year for 10 years. I felt that was a little ridiculous."

Winfield did hit .308 that year with 24 homers and 97 RBIs, but his highest previous average had been .283 and only twice before had he hit as many as 20 homers. And in only one other year, 1977, had he driven in more than 90 runs. He also had a distressing penchant for hitting well only in the first half of the season, when the Padres weren't totally out of contention. In 1975 he hit .280 with nine homers and 43 RBIs in the first half and .255 with six homers and 33 RBIs in the second. In '76 he was .292, 12 and 50 in the first half and .270, one and 19 the second. In '77 he was .296, 21 and 70 and .239, four and 22. Smith protested that conceding Winfield's celebrated potential, he still couldn't afford to pay a man a million dollars a year for what he might become. Still, the negotiations continued fitfully for the remainder of '78 and through Winfield's banner '79 season, when his stock rose sharply.

Smith claims that the Winfield-Frohman team never intended to negotiate seriously with the Padres, while Winfield-Frohman insist the reverse is true. The Padres' front office, says Frohman, exhibited an "inability to deal with people. They used the media and the fans to fight their negotiating battles. They don't know how to handle people."

The negotiations—if they may be called that—reached a dead end during spring training when Winfield-Frohman proposed a package calling for Winfield to get a minimum of $13 million over 10 years. From his annual salary, Winfield would donate 15% to his David M. Winfield Foundation, which sponsors a variety of youth programs around the country, principally free tickets to baseball games. But the items in the proposal that flabbergasted Smith were those under the heading "Non-Financial Considerations." One would have prohibited Kroc from moving the team out of San Diego for the length of the contract without Winfield's permission. Another provided that any sale of the club "must be approved in writing by Winfield."

Angered by such chutzpah, Smith showed his copy of the proposal to baseball-beat writers Phil Collier of *The San Diego Union* and Bill Weurding of *The Evening Tribune* while the three were discussing Winfield on a team flight to Mexico for a series of spring exhibition games. The fan reaction to the subsequent newspaper stories was predominantly anti-Winfield. Winfield is no shrinking violet, but for all of his boastfulness, he is a charming, intelligent and forthright young man. The contract demands tarnished his image with San Diego fandom. Compared with Winfield, Reggie Jackson now seemed no more egotistical than Butterfly McQueen. Winfield and Frohman were naturally outraged by what they considered to be Smith's cynical manipulation of the media to gain an advantage in the negotiations.

"We gave them a top figure," says Frohman. "The $1.3 million a year was just opening cards for further talk. It's not that David wanted to own the Padres. Nobody wants to be associated with such a loser. As for vetoing the sale, Smith convinced us the Padres were on the verge of bankruptcy. David wanted to stay in San Diego. If the club were moved or sold, he wanted to be a free agent. That's all. But without negotiating, they ran to the press. They made David look like the worst ogre in the world. They were using any kind of chicanery to beat him down."

"The players go to the press if they think it's in their best interests," says Smith. "I released the proposal to defend myself. I was told by Frohman and Winfield that I had no choice, that I had to sign him because the fans were demanding it. Well, the fans didn't have a favorable reaction to their proposal. Dave had placed himself in a position where he wanted to be the highest-paid player. If you're there, you better produce. He didn't. The fans obviously thought his contract demands were unfair, compared with his performance. He wasn't running out ground balls and he was always talking about 'I, I, I.' If I had it to do over again, though, I wouldn't have released that information. I happen to think Dave is a fine individual. I wouldn't want him to go through that again."

What Winfield went through, from spring training to the end of the 1980 season, was a merciless booing from the hometown fans. "It was amazing," he says. "I knew it was going to be a long season when they booed me my first time at bat in spring training. I felt worse for the people who know me personally. I could vent my frustrations on the field. I could crush the ball, throw somebody out. They had to sit and take it." One old friend from St. Paul, Janitschke, decided he had taken enough one balmy evening at San Diego Stadium and was restrained from throwing punches at a Winfield baiter.

Winfield's disenchantment with the

Padres actually began much earlier. For several years he had felt that his achievements on the field and his contributions to the community through the Winfield Foundation had gone unappreciated by the team's management, an assertion Smith heatedly denies. Winfield also became convinced that his off-field opportunities were sorely restricted in a city that placed so much emphasis on leisure activities. "I may still decide to live there," he says. "I have nothing against the city, but it's a little enclave, a corner of the country. What starts in San Diego stays there. Outside of baseball, you don't make a living in that city. I didn't want to just play golf in the off-season."

And then there was the team, which in its 12-year history had never finished higher than fourth in the divisional standings. "What was toughest," says Winfield, "was going out there every day knowing you had to do your best for the team to win and that even when you did, it would still lose. The Dodgers would come to town and tell us, 'We're gonna kick your ass.' Then they'd do it. How much can you take? Kick my ass, but don't be telling me ahead of time you're gonna do it. The top excitement of any season for me was Opening Day and the All-Star Game. In eight seasons, I played in 11 games of consequence. I'm approaching the point in my career where I need to find out about myself in clutch situations and crucial games."

Last September, Smith made a final offer to Winfield of a $700,000 annual salary with incentive bonuses over a six-year contract. It was rejected. Smith later offered a $1 million annual contract but only so that he'd be able to trade Winfield, most probably to the Yankees. Winfield turned that down, too, and announced for free agentry. Then he and Frohman did a curious thing: they mailed letters to 15 major league teams, advising them that Winfield wasn't interested in playing for them. "We wanted an open draft," says Frohman, who admits he was fearful the bad teams, which get first call, would drive out the good. "What we were saying in that letter," he says, "was that if you're seriously interested, we'll talk, but if you're just drafting for publicity and are looking to block out the other clubs that are serious, then forget about it."

The letter was roundly criticized by, among others, Cleveland Indians President Gabe Paul, who interpreted it as a ploy to make sure the Yankees would be one of the 13 clubs eligible to draft Winfield. But the Indians, "Dear John" recipients themselves, were nevertheless among the 10 teams that did pick Winfield in the Nov. 13 "reentry draft." And so were the Yankees, along with the Mets, Cardinals, Braves, Pirates, Reds, Astros, Orioles and, on the fifth round, the Angels. The Dodgers, Winfield's personal favorite, didn't draft him, preferring instead to sign their own star outfielder, Dusty Baker, to a five-year, $3.5 to $4 million contract.

In shopping for a new team, Winfield said he observed specific criteria. He must go, he said, to a place where 1) the team had a possibility of winning, 2) where he would be paid his "market value," 3) where he could develop a future outside of baseball, 4) where he would be respected for his accomplishments, 5) where he could develop his skills in a lineup that would allow him full scope and 6) where his foundation could do its best work. The ball park and the league were additional considerations. San Diego Stadium, with its capacious outfield and heavy air, was hardly tailored to a player whose power is in the left- and right-center alleys. Winfield had also said he preferred remaining in the National League. The city itself was of no consequence, as long as outside business and charitable opportunities were available. "I'm not impressed by metropolises," he said. "I'm no country bumpkin with hay in my hair. I've been all over the world."

But the metropolis of New York had two prime bidders for his services. Atlanta owner Ted Turner had boldly declared that he would top any of the bids, but his interest markedly declined after he signed another costly outfielder, Claudell Washington. Cleveland, the spurned suitor, was a more serious contender with its prospective new owners, theater impresario James Nederlander and Los Angeles attorney Neil Papiano, and new ideas. Frohman, a theater buff who fancies himself a pint-sized Zero Mostel, was especially drawn to Nederlander. When the theater man called Winfield's suite at the Summit Hotel in New York last month, Frohman answered by singing the first bars of *If I Were a Rich Man*. It seemed an appropriate selection.

Winfield and Frohman checked into the Summit in the second week of December, a time when the baseball owners were meeting in Dallas. The "unlikely duo" went to the theater, submitted to endless interviews and fueled the New York press' obsession with a Mets-Yanks war over Winfield. Actually, the Indians were very much in the running. "Our offer had the potential of being much higher than $15 million," says Papiano. "The up-front money wasn't as high, but ours was an imaginative type of offer. It included some involvement in the entertainment industry. Much of what we offered would have gone to the Winfield Foundation."

The Mets were the first to suggest that Winfield might be worth a million-and-a-half salary. Steinbrenner was uncharacteristically mum on money matters. But he had been talking to Winfield, with the approval of the Commissioner's office, about the foundation since the World Series. The Yankees were in the wrong league, and their ball park, with a 430-foot power alley in leftfield, was the wrong size, but they did win 103 games in 1980 and their power-packed batting order was made to order for Winfield. The Mets, on the other hand, were unable in the winter meetings to deal for another power hitter—notably the Angels' Jason Thompson—who could protect Winfield in the batting order.

Late on the evening of Dec. 14, Arline Winfield received a telephone call in her St. Paul home. "Mom, I'm going to sign with the Yankees." "Was it as good a deal as you expected?" "Better." *continued*

At the end, Winfield and the Padres were pffft

Steinbrenner got what he was after, by George

WINFIELD BONANZA *continued*

The next day, at a press conference called by the Yankee brass in one of Steinbrenner's favorite Manhattan restaurants, Jimmy Weston's, the record-breaking contract was announced. Winfield would be richer by half than baseball's first million-dollar player, Nolan Ryan. And Jackson, once the game's ranking plutocrat, had been reduced to relative pauperdom. Steinbrenner would have to settle with his older star next.

There was no "one thing" that caused him to sign with the Yankees, Winfield said later. "It was just that the presentation made by George Steinbrenner seemed best for Dave Winfield as a ballplayer and for all the other entities I represent. I respect all the owners I talked with. There was a tremendous diversity of personality, and some of the offers were very creative. But there are three things an athlete dreams of—he wants to be as good as he can, he wants to play in a winning environment and he wants to make money. The New York Yankees seemed at this time to be the best for me. If I'm healthy, I'll do well. My best years are ahead of me."

"I really think David felt that what he does for youth could be done better from Yankee Stadium," says Steinbrenner. "We didn't get started in youth work 15 minutes before Winfield became a free agent, you know. We contributed half of the $300,000 needed to keep athletics going in New York high schools this year. We just felt that was a program that shouldn't be allowed to fail. I think David appreciated our interest. He's totally committed to helping youngsters. I know people may not believe that, but I don't think I've ever met a finer young man. I don't question his sincerity. We got a standing ovation the other day when we walked into Weston's, and David went over and talked to as many people as he could. There were others a lot more confident that we'd sign him than I was. I think we were the third, maybe fourth, highest bidder."

Can Winfield really be worth the staggering expenditure? Can anyone? He, for one, is confident that he can become a more complete player with a team as solid as the Yankees. In San Diego, he says, he was obliged to swing at too many bad pitches, just in the hope he might nail one for an extra-base hit. With the Padres, a runner on first generally stayed there. For that reason, Winfield didn't bunt for hits, although most third basemen played him in shallow leftfield. He will walk more, bunt more, steal more bases and, because he will see better pitches, hit for a higher average with the Yankees, he says. Playing with a winner will give him an added incentive to succeed, to which his former employer, Smith, replies, "I can't imagine him having more incentive than he had in 1980. The only pressure he had was on his individual performance. That's what the game is all about—playing under pressure. All he had to do was show the fans they were wrong. Rollie Fingers and Gene Tenace were booed unmercifully last year, too, but they came through on days when that happened. I think Dave Winfield has the potential to be the best—limited only by his perception of himself. If you think you're the best already, how much better can you get?"

Winfield has an answer for Smith: "How do you judge a precious gem if you're not an appraiser?"

"Dave Winfield is an athlete, that's sure," says Bill Rigney, a veteran manager and scout now on special assignment with the Angels. "But except for '79, he's never been that productive a player. Maybe now that he's dropped into that Yankee nest, he'll turn loose. The excitement the New York fans generate may be the biggest thing he'll have going for him. I don't think he knows how good he is, but it's tough when you've played for a second division team all your life. Now we'll see if he can play."

One thing is certain: no matter what Dave Winfield does, he won't be underpaid.

AL GAVE IT HIS ALL

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

He is a short, paunchy man who gives, at first sight, an overall impression of grayness. And on this particular grim December afternoon, there is also a look of fatigue, of resignation. He answers the phone in his Manhattan hotel suite with a heavy sigh, "Al's Mortuary," he says. He walks with an old man's shuffle and a poor man's slump. He is neither. This is Albert S. Frohman, the agent. Make that *The Agent*, for Albert S. Frohman has just negotiated the richest, toughest, meanest contract in the history of U.S. sport for his No. 1 and only client, Dave Winfield.

He doesn't sound rich, tough or mean—mainly just beat. He sighs, he blinks. His eyes are faintly watery. "People think I'm in this with Dave just for the money. Sir, if I were in this only for the money, I'm telling you, I'd have sold out way down the line. If I were doing this only for money, we'd have ended up with a lot less."

He sags onto the couch. He is 54 years old, but with his buttoned-up white sweater, his gray hair, his pallid skin, he appears a decade older. "People think I'm a genius for making this deal for David. A genius? You want to be a genius? I'll tell you how. Get your ideas, get good ideas, get whatever ideas. Then *tell the truth.*" He pauses for a moment of silent tribute to these powerful words, then goes on, obviously gaining nourishment from his own monologue. "Tell the truth, never a lie. I'm a good businessman. Therefore, all my life I've been a great liar. Smooth. I was so smooth at lying that now no one believes me *continued*

Bud drinkers pull the switch for Schlitz

100 loyal Bud drinkers take live TV taste test— 46% prefer today's Schlitz

TV sports fans watching Sunday's AFC Playoffs witnessed an extraordinary halftime contest. Today's Schlitz took on #1 Budweiser with 100 loyal Bud drinkers judging which beer they liked better.

The outcome surprised many Bud drinkers who found they preferred the taste of Schlitz.

Each of the 100 testers was served two beers, one Schlitz and one Bud, in identical unlabelled mugs. They were then directed to pull an electronic switch to vote for the beer they preferred or to indicate "no preference."

The large scale tasting was the first live TV test of its kind. Final results were unknown even to Schlitz until the score flashed up on national TV.

It was Schlitz vs. Budweiser—and former NFL Referee Tommy Bell called the score for Schlitz in the live TV taste test

Do it yourself—try the "Great American Beer Switch" test

This test requires two identical mugs, a Schlitz and your regular beer at equal temperature. Label the mugs "1" and "2" so the taster won't know which beer is which. Pour the beers to equal heads out of the taster's sight.

To ensure that the choice is made on taste alone, serve the beer in non-transparent mugs or have the taster close his eyes and then sample both and choose the beer that tastes better. Now your taste. Did you pick your regular brand? Or today's Schlitz?

100 Budweiser loyalists chose between unlabelled mugs of today's Schlitz and their Budweiser

Bud fans express surprise after selecting Schlitz

Panelists who pulled the switch for Schlitz were surprised. Similar reactions have been registered in other head-on comparisons across the country.

"I was genuinely surprised," said Guy D'Anne. "I thought Bud was better but I've been proved wrong." "Well for cryin' out loud, I chose Schlitz" exclaimed James Siger. "I've had good beers from all over the country, good German beers, too" attested Howard Kasbury. "Schlitz tasted better." Test referee Tommy Bell summed up the reactions of Bud drinkers who picked Schlitz. "You could've knocked a lot of those boys over with a feather," he said. "They were really impressed."

Schlitz slates rematch vs. Budweiser, Miller on AFC Playoffs, Super Bowl

On the remaining AFC Playoffs and the Super Bowl January 25, Schlitz will confront two leading premium beers again. Same time—just before second-half kickoff. Same rules. And with 100 Bud drinkers and 100 Miller drinkers. Will the results be the same next time? Or will even more of the judging team pull the switch for Schlitz this time?

There's no way of knowing, because it's all happening live. Tune in

Miller targeted as next rival in live taste test

[illegible] the [illegible] Schlitz [illegible] Bud, Schlitz [illegible] Budweiser [illegible] AFC Playoffs [illegible] Schlitz [illegible] Miller [illegible]

By taking on [illegible] Schlitz [illegible] to [illegible] the best [illegible] Over [illegible] years [illegible] the company [illegible] Chief Executive Master Brewer Frank Sellinger. After 10 years brewing [illegible] of the world's best beers, Sellinger has been [illegible] Schlitz the best premium beer on the market. Now Schlitz is using seven Bud, Budweiser and Miller customers to prove he's done it.

"Not surprised," states Schlitz Chief Sellinger

The results of the TV taste test were not unexpected for Schlitz Chief Executive Master Brewer Frank Sellinger, who joined the company three years ago. Sellinger was happy to put his Schlitz to a live TV test. "I'm not surprised," he commented. "My Schlitz can stand up to any premium beer." It seems that quite a few Budweiser fans agree.

when I tell the truth. The truth antagonizes people, it irritates them. But it protects you. You never have to remember what you said because if it's the truth, you'll know what you said."

He pauses again. The wind seems to be rising nicely in him, though he still sits slack on the couch, a vision of weakness and old age. "I only adopted this idea of telling the truth when I met David Winfield. We're each other's guru. We're like father and son. He's got a mind like a mop, picks up everything around him. David Winfield is more interesting off the field than he is on it. People laugh at how we look together. Mutt and Jeff, they say, what a weird couple. I don't blame them for laughing. But I'm no Svengali with David; David is a brilliant young man. I'm the thought factory. I get the ideas, but he's always an integral part. I would put David against any agent in the country on a negotiation—*alone*. Mentally, David Winfield isn't 29 years old, he's 50, maybe 55; he's that wise and that well developed. He knows about telling the truth, for *years* he *knows* about it."

The partnership between these two unlikely colleagues began something over seven years ago. Al Frohman had moved to the West Coast from Long Island in 1969 after a successful career as a kosher caterer. He was following in the footsteps of his own father, who had led an amazingly diverse life. "My father was a rabbi in Brooklyn and during the 1930s he'd been chaplain to the Dodgers. Also he was a professional musician. He conducted pit bands on the Keith vaudeville circuit. I went to the Juilliard School when I was a kid, but when I got out of the Army in 1946 my father said, 'Music's not for you. No money. You go into business with me.' He was among the first to organize kosher catering in New York and business was very, very good."

Frohman also had dabbled on the periphery of baseball agentry, advising the Mets' Cleon Jones while living on Long Island, then working "more as a friend than a paid agent" for the Dodgers' Joe Ferguson and the Padres' Jerry Turner after he moved to the West Coast. He finally decided to retire from the catering business in 1975. He was well off, the owner of a 12-room house in Encino, in which he still lives with his wife, Barbara, one of his four children and a grandchild. The business of representing ballplayers was, he says, "more friendship than anything formal." His relationships with both Ferguson and Turner apparently soured, and lately he has represented only Winfield, whom he met in 1973. For some reason, mutual admiration blossomed at first sight between the strapping, dashing outfielder and the dumpy little caterer. A remarkable sort of father-son relationship sprang up—so remarkable that Winfield and Frohman now view it with a kind of awe. "I've never known anyone like Al," says Winfield. "We spend thousands of hours together. We've had maybe one disagreement. It's a chemistry beyond understanding."

Of course, Frohman waxes much longer and far more effusively over the relationship. "We've never had a contract, nothing in writing," he says. "It's all in a handshake. David gives me whatever he thinks I've earned, no firm percentage. For this Yankee deal, he'll give me a little something for Christmas. We aren't like other business partners. I spend my energy for David as if he's a son. It's the energy of love. We have such a gentle relationship. We kiss when we say goodby *or* hello. I've had three major heart attacks. I appreciate the little things, the gentle things. I appreciate David's gentleness. I know that money isn't everything. I know that we've borrowed our bodies to live on this earth for a little while and then, when we leave, we take nothing away except the love we've got ten from others."

Now all of this might make Al Frohman sound more like a born-again flower child than a shrewd and iron-minded negotiator, but no one should be fooled. Frohman is tough, cool, imaginative. A similar cool, tough customer named George Steinbrenner is openly admiring of Frohman's bargaining technique. "Maybe the way Al comes on at first makes you wonder a little about him," the Yankee owner says. "But once he makes his arguments, he's extremely impressive. He made one of the best-organized presentations I've ever seen. Not *the* best, but one of the best. It was tough and it was excellent."

Buzzie Bavasi, former president of the Padres, who negotiated Winfield's 1977 contract, also has had nice words for

James Bond was pretty good, but as far as Winfield is concerned, there's no agent like Al Frohman

Frohman. "I had no trouble with him," he says. "He handled himself like an agent should. He let Dave make up his own mind. I believe Dave feels Al is a genuine friend, and anything Al does, Dave believes it's in his best interest. He takes to heart what Al says. Their relationship is unique among players and agents."

Not everyone agrees that Frohman's tactics reflect textbook excellence in baseball agentry. The Padres' current president, Ballard Smith, conducted months of increasingly acrimonious negotiations with Frohman over Winfield's services, and about the mildest thing he ever said about Frohman was that he consistently saddled Winfield with "bad advice." One of the more publicized and controversial Frohman-Winfield deals in the San Diego area involved plans for the construction of something called "Superstar Village." This was to be "an optimal health family resort"—a real estate development that was supposed to attract a variety of superstars as residents who would also serve as sort of celebrity-camp counselors to health-hungry families visiting the village. Among other things, Frohman and Winfield tried to persuade a couple of municipal governments to involve themselves with the project. John Fowler, assistant city manager of San Diego, viewed the scheme skeptically. "Superstar Village was an intriguing concept, but it was all bare bones," he says. "There was no body to it. All we ever saw were drawings and outlines as to the number of units. We never saw any financial reports. It sounded great, but when we investigated it, there wasn't enough there for us to act on."

Doug Best, the former mayor of suburban Escondido, who was also approached by Frohman and Winfield, says, "They came in all peaches and cream and we cautioned them about the hurdles.... My opinion was that Dave Winfield was a very sincere young man who had gotten some very bad advice real estate-wise. What we saw was very premature and very shoddily prepared. If anyone could kill a deal, Frohman could."

In the aftermath of the ultimately fruitless negotiations, Winfield-Frohman were sued for "account stated" by the San Diego law firm Krinsky & Idler, which represented the pair in connection with Superstar Village. The suit resulted in an out-of-court settlement giving Krinsky & Idler $10,600.25. Within the past month, Wheeler-Winer, Inc., a division of one of San Diego's biggest architectural firms, filed a suit for $18,678.55 in unpaid fees relating to renderings done for three different possible locations of the Village. As he did in the first suit, Frohman argues that he owed nothing unless the Village materialized.

Winfield's Superstar project, promising in 1979, is now in limbo and is the target of several lawsuits

George Trull, a veteran hotel man who for 18 years was Conrad Hilton's administrative assistant, and who more recently served as president of the San Diego County Hotel-Motel Association, was also for 17 months general manager of the would-be Superstar Village. He has retained an attorney to try to help him collect fees he believes he is owed by Winfield-Frohman.

During the Superstar Village negotiations in 1978-79, the names of a number of superstars were tossed up in the San Diego papers—among them, Steve Garvey, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Pete Rose. It was said that they were backing the recreational complex. As it turned out, all of them denied being involved in the project and said that their names had been floated without permission. Asked about this apparent discrepancy, Frohman says, "We never said 'Steve Garvey.' What we actually said was that this is the *kind* of project that would attract the Steve Garveys. There were a lot of athletes interested in this, but we never signed any papers or contracts."

Winfield-Frohman also tried to involve the Padres in the Superstar Village concept. Ballard Smith recalls, "Frohman came to me and asked that Bob Fontaine [then the Padres' general manager] and I accompany him and Dave to a public meeting over the Escondido project. Frohman put pressure on us to go along, implying that if we did it might help our negotiations with Dave's contract. Once we were there, Frohman put pressure on Bob and me to get up and talk in favor of the project—a project which I really knew nothing about. I became very concerned shortly after that when the Padre name was used in connection with support for the project. We weren't ever a part of it. After that, I put a lot of distance between myself and the Superstar Village discussions. I hope people don't think the Padres were a party to it. We weren't."

Still, despite the sour notes echoing from the Superstar Village concept, no one has uncovered anything scandalous. Jack Walsh, a former San Diego city councilman and former county supervisor, did an investigative report on the project in conjunction with a local TV station in 1978. His conclusions: "We didn't find any illegalities. There were a lot of questionable practices, promises that didn't seem possible to be kept. Frohman is a bull-spitting *continued*

promoter, a wheeler-dealer who played on Winfield's name and popularity. I think Frohman says things are that aren't, floats balloons, and wheels and deals off Winfield's name. That can be dangerous if it's not seen for what it is, but I didn't find anything illegal."

Frohman says he and Winfield still hope to build a Superstar Village somewhere, sometime—"call it a La Costa without a barroom, a La Costa where everyone is jogging, drinking vegetable juice, getting into optimal health"—but for the moment it's on a back burner.

Something that is definitely *not* relegated to the background is the David M. Winfield Foundation. This is a charitable corporation, developed in 1977 as a conduit and formal outlet for Winfield's charitable instincts. Says Frohman, "This man is unique. This foundation is unique. There's nothing like either one. All his life David has had an instinct for helping people that is, well, it's saintly. Do you know that when he signed his first contract, for $18,000, he insisted on using $2,000 to set up a scholarship fund for needy kids in St. Paul? He can't help from being a saint. He loves people, that's all, *loves* them. I'll tell you an example. We were driving through Watts, down a street in one of those poor sections, and David saw this house that didn't have any curtains on the windows. They were bare. Do you know what David did? He stopped the car, got out, went up and knocked on the door and gave the woman who answered it a check for $200 to buy drapes for her windows. Didn't tell her who he was, didn't wait for any thanks, just gave her the money for new curtains."

The Winfield Foundation is ostensibly in business on a far more exalted level than providing window drapes for indigent housewives. The foundation was incorporated in Delaware in 1977 and was granted tax exemption by the Internal Revenue Service in 1978. It was duly registered with the California State Registry of Charitable Trusts in the spring of 1979. The Winfield Foundation has stated that its major reason for existence was to "provide a program for low income groups and disadvantaged and handicapped children in San Diego County to attend professional baseball games at no cost." The operation has expanded to include seven other major league cities in its free-ticket distribution, and Winfield has hosted an annual All-Star Game party for kids with attendant superstars for the past three years—attracting 15,000 before the San Diego game in 1978, 5,000 in Seattle in '79 and some 4,000 in Los Angeles last summer. The foundation has also initiated a program with a mouthful of a name—Health Optimization Planning & Education—which reduces mercifully to the acronym HOPE. It offers a health checkup to the disadvantaged kids who come to a ball park for their free baseball tickets.

At first blush, it might seem to a skeptical mind that all this is entirely too good to be true, that the foundation just might be a highly effective public relations tool to gloss Winfield's image and inflate his dollar value at precisely the time he was engaged in negotiating baseball's largest payoff.

Frohman agrees completely. "Certainly it looks like a gimmick," he says. "Certainly it looks suspicious. I don't blame people for calling Dave's foundation a gimmick to get him a better contract. They're right to be skeptical, to be critical. All I say is that time will tell the truth. Now that we've signed the contract, watch us. If we fold up the foundation and walk away, if we stop giving tickets and eats and physical examinations to poor kids now, if we go back on our word to help people—then you'll know it was a gimmick. Then you'll know it was a tax deal. Go ahead. Be suspicious. Be skeptical. We'll show you that you're wrong."

Yankee support for the Winfield Foundation was a moderately prominent item in the Winfield-Yankee negotiations, and Steinbrenner had his doubts. "I admit that I was skeptical about it," he says. "I listened to all the things they claimed they had done. Then I heard other people in other cities talk about what the Winfield Foundation had produced—and it was very hard to believe. The money they claimed they had to work with just didn't measure up to what they said they had accomplished. The numbers didn't jell. It was then I realized that they had been literally *begging* to keep their programs going. I realized that they were like a couple of urchins standing on a street corner with a tin cup."

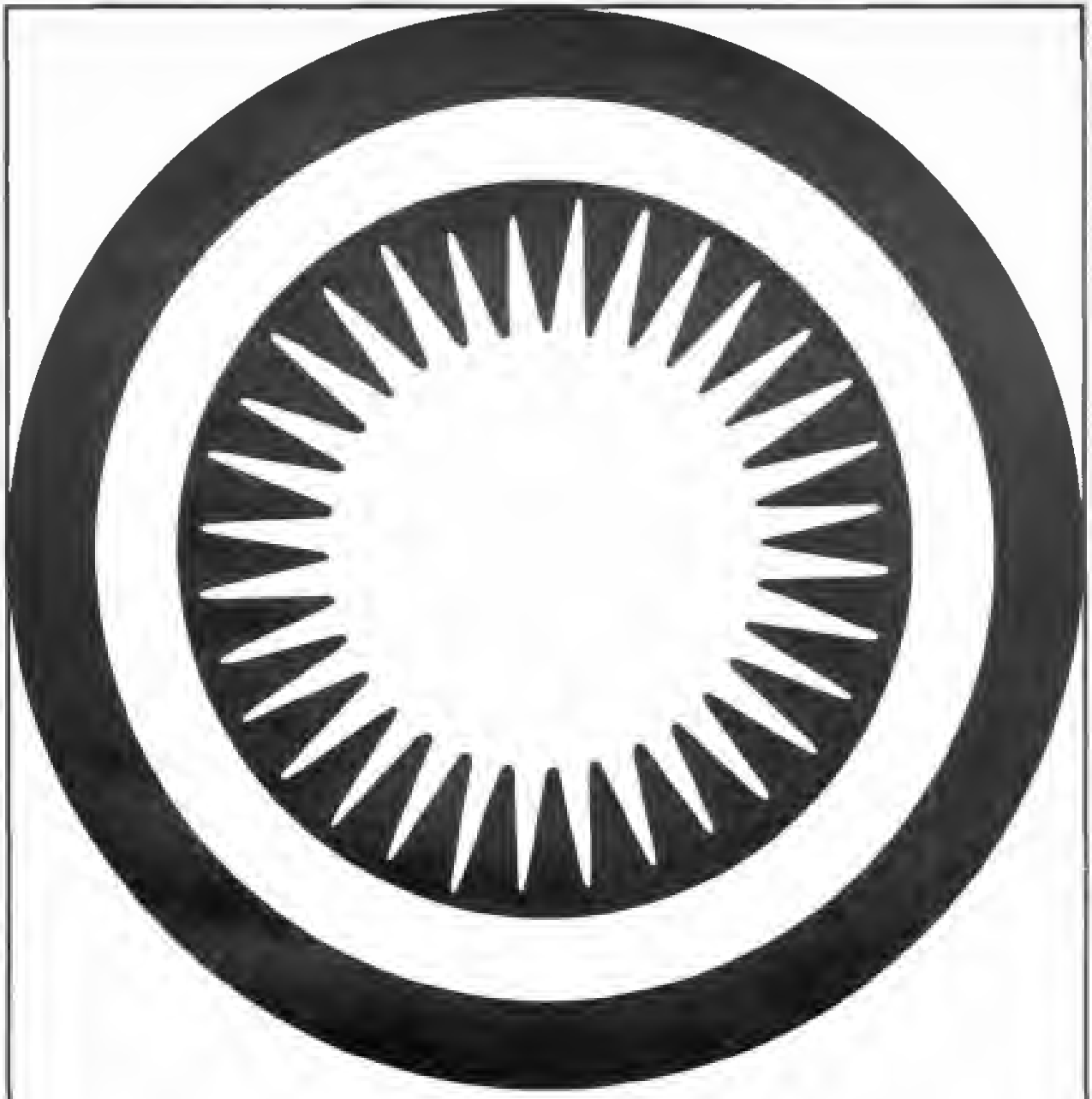
It is indeed a raggedy operation. As Frohman says a bit wistfully, "We've been nickeling and diming it. We try and get things free. My experience in the catering business helps me get deals I hustle very well. We have 400 volunteers. We have one full-time receptionist-typist-secretary and we don't pay her a penny. When we travel, I don't take a room; I sleep on the floor in Dave's room."

A prospectus for 1980 operations projected an income of more than $940,000. Funds were to be raised by a professional organization in New York—but it came up empty. Indeed, expectations for contributions were so optimistic that, as it turned out, Winfield himself contributed something like 85% of the cash flowing through the foundation. And it wasn't that much. "Maybe $75,000, if you ask me," says Frohman. "This was a baby operation. This was a bad year, with all the bad feelings in San Diego, all the bad stuff in the papers. It was strictly hand-to-mouth for the foundation."

So far, the foundation has filed only one financial report with the California State Registry of Charitable Trusts. That covered its business activities in California from Sept. 1, 1978 to Aug. 31, 1979. In all, its gross revenue was a relative pittance—$37,639, with $12,706 directly spent for its charitable operations, $11,243 for operating expenses (including legal fees), which left a year-end cash reserve of $17,612. Duane Reule, deputy registrar, says, "We have a computerized audit program to keep an eye on any discrepancies or potential misuse of charitable trusts. The only problem with the Winfield Foundation is that maybe they should have put their cash reserve into some kind of interest-producing investment. If it's a problem, it's a minor one."

One of the many bristling points of conflict between Frohman-Winfield and the Padres had to do with the foundation's use—or non-use—of $100,000 worth of tickets for underprivileged kids. Ballard Smith claims that the foundation owes the ball club something like $63,000 for tickets it was supposed to have purchased but didn't. These tickets were part of the deal that Frohman negotiated with the Padres in 1977. As Frohman recalls it, "We were dealing with Buzzie Bavasi. I said we wanted $1.4 million for four years. Buzzie said $1.3 million, not a dime more. Finally, I said, 'O.K., Buzz, we'll take the $1.3 million, but you add on the 100,000 Padres tickets that we're going to buy anyway for the foundation program.' He agreed."

Thus, the 100,000 tickets, at $1 each, were added onto Winfield's *continued*



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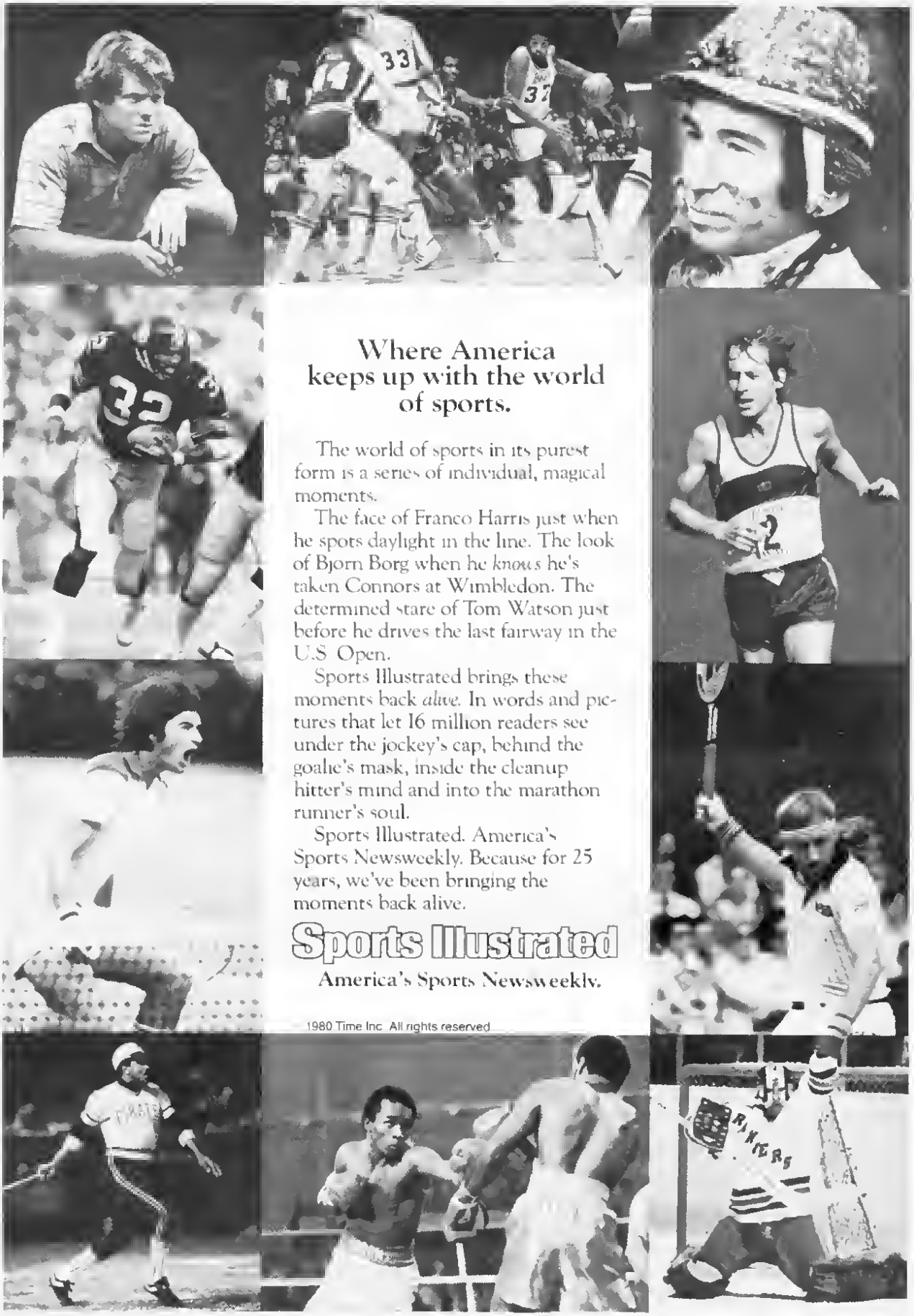

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four-year contract. However, because of a number of problems—not the least of which was Winfield's darkening public image around San Diego when it seemed likely he would leave the club—fewer than half the tickets have been used.

Frohman claims that often the foundation was unable to find kids who wanted tickets to the lowly Padres' games. Not everyone buys this story. Johnny Moore, assistant director of the Encanto Boys Club in a lower-middle-class section of San Diego, says, "We always had kids who wanted to go to games, but I don't know why there weren't more chances. We would have supplied our own transportation if the tickets had been offered." On the other hand, Fred Brody, who runs the Main Boys Club in a poorer area of town, had a slightly different version. "We had a problem in that transportation was not offered with the tickets and that tickets were offered only on certain nights," he says. "So transportation was a big problem. I think there might be validity to Frohman's claim that he couldn't find interested people. We could always find plenty of takers on Winfield's HOPE days, with the free medical exams and free hamburgers and hot dogs. It was harder on other days. Yes, I'd say the interest on the kids' part waned."

The question of payment for the unused tickets has lately risen as yet another point of contention between the Padres and Winfield-Frohman. At a time when there was still hope that Winfield would stay in San Diego, Ballard Smith allowed him an extension of time, during which the foundation might purchase the remaining tickets. Then when Winfield flew the Padre coop, Smith demanded immediate payment. The whole thing could end up in court—but that seems only fitting considering the bitterness that surrounded Winfield's departure from the Padres.

Naturally, Frohman insists that it was all the fault of the Padres generally and Ballard Smith specifically. "Dave would have stayed in San Diego," says Frohman. "He wanted to stay in San Diego if the Padres had just shown him the slightest attention, the tiniest bit of affection—if they had given him just a tie clip or even a congratulatory letter when he won the RBI title. If Ballard Smith had just come to his birthday party, Dave Winfield could still be in San Diego. You want the truth? I was originally willing to settle for $1 million a year for a minimum of seven years. You believe that? It's the truth. We'd have had a cost-of-living increase, but it would've been small. Maybe 2%, nothing close to the national rate, nothing *close*! You want to know who negotiated the Yankee contract, the $20 million deal? It was Ballard Smith. He was the one who started talking last March about how David wanted $20 million. He was the first to mention that figure. I had never thought of $20 million. David had never thought of $20 million. No, sir. But Ballard Smith got people used to hearing that Dave Winfield was worth $20 million. Pretty soon they believed it. And pretty soon so did David and I. That's how it all came about."

Smith refutes this. "I never in my life said $20 million," he says. "And that part about Frohman settling for $7 million over seven years is absolutely not true. But the thing that annoys me the most is the birthday party. I was there. I even gave Dave a present."

Whatever the truth of it all, Dave Winfield is a trillion-dollar Yankee and Al Frohman is reviving nicely from his weariness and resignation. He sits up straighter on the hotel couch. Outside, the Manhattan afternoon has turned dark and there is cold rain in the air. He shivers. His eyes blink, but they no longer seem watery. Indeed, there's a look of flint in them, and his voice is sharp. "David Winfield is a unique young man," he says. "He is bright. He was a political science major in college. He is articulate. He may have a career in politics. He won't talk about it, but I'd like to see him run for the U.S. Senate, for Vice President. I'd like to help him do that. People laugh at us, the odd couple, the silly-looking pair of pals. Yeah, they laugh. I don't blame them. But we don't care. We're unique. If a man offered me $100 million a year, I don't leave David Winfield. No, sir. And that, I'm telling you, is the truth."

IS THERE A CEILING?

by JIM KAPLAN

It must have been the Dallas locale. As Bowie Kuhn addressed the annual winter meeting in December, baseball's reserved and formal commissioner was suddenly transformed into a country-music singer belting out a familiar tale of woe. His dirge sounded something like this:

Well, it's cryin' time again (the year's end).
Don't ask Bowie where he's been (through the books).
Oh, the stories never end (salaries are too high, losses ever-mounting).
'Cause it's cryin' time again.

"The percent of increase in player compensation has been running nearly double that of operating revenues," the commissioner lamented. "During 1979 only 11 of our clubs operated in the black. . . . Operating revenues simply will not grow fast enough to keep even close to the vaulting cost of doing business. We are projecting player compensation by 1984 at $320,000 per player."

Kuhn didn't come across very well as Wailin' Waylon Jennings. Even as he outlined a grim financial picture, the commissioner was admitting to record television ratings and rousing attendance figures. Baseball had just completed the first season under a national television package yielding a whopping $190 million over four years—double the previous one. After four straight record-breaking seasons, attendance had dropped slightly but passed 43 million for just the second time in history. The average ticket price ($4.53) was holding firm as the best buy in sport. So what was Bowie complaining about? Baseball has never opened its books; by citing but not releasing, detailing or documenting an accounting survey made exclusively for his office, Kuhn invited skepticism.

But the commissioner did have a point about salaries. Even according to Player Association figures that discount deferred payments, in 1979 salaries and player-pension contributions increased 14.1% over the previous *continued*

year's, while estimated general revenues were up 9.4%. In just three seasons the average salary has nearly doubled—from $76,066 in 1977 to an estimated $130,592 in 1980. In 1976, the first year of open market bidding, the top five free-agent contracts totaled $11,131,000. This year, not counting Dave Winfield's cost-of-living increases, the top five totaled $27,275,000. Of equal importance, owners have had to pay multiyear, multimillion-dollar contracts to keep other players from becoming free agents. These numbers are also astronomical: $800,000 per season to L.A.'s Dusty Baker, $900,000 to California's Rod Carew, and $850,000 to Pittsburgh's Dave Parker. There have been far more of these signings than free-agent contracts. Four years ago Pitcher Jim Palmer signed Baltimore's first multiyear deal. Now more than half the Orioles have them.

So it makes sense to consider the question of salaries. Will they spiral ever upward? Will they bankrupt teams? And if they're so potentially lethal, why are owners paying them?

To Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, the importance of salaries is overrated. According to his figures, player salaries and pension contributions accounted for just 27.6% of total revenues in 1978 and 28.7% in 1979. "Players costs amount to a smaller percentage of revenues in baseball than in any major sport except football," he says. "To put the blame for all baseball's financial problems on salaries is ridiculous."

Ray Grebey, baseball's chief owner-negotiator, concedes that Miller's figures are in the ball park. But he adds, "You have to tie in other salaries as well. Out of every dollar we spend, 65¢ goes to employee wages and benefits, but only about 30¢ of that goes to the 25-man roster. What about minor leaguers, umpires, ball park employees and their salaries, insurance and pensions? Hospitals spend as much as we do on wages and benefits, and they're going out of business. And what about the costs of spring training, airline tickets, hotel rooms and other non-salary expenses? When we speak of the state of the union, Mr. Miller sees it as an attack on his union. The basic problem is the increase in costs—all of them."

Yet owners do most of their complaining about major league player salaries. It's easy to see why. The owners haven't much room for cutting back when it comes to other salaries and expenses, but they could exercise some restraint over big league contracts.

At least in theory. "Inflation drives salaries up," says Harry Dalton, general manager of the Milwaukee Brewers. "We now have salary arbitration, and a club must set its prices higher than it wants in order to avoid paying what the players want. Agents have taken over negotiations and their percentages drive salaries up. And salaries are commonly known these days, so players can find out what others are making."

Dalton's last point deserves elaboration. Before salary figures were published, a player had to take an owner's word that his income measured up well with that of his teammates. In the mid-'60s Dodger player representative Ron Fairly was a satisfied customer. The Dodgers had assured him that among his teammates only Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale made more than he. But when the Players Association asked Fairly to poll the players, he discovered he was in 12th place. Fairly had been had.

Today all figures are known, and players can spot lesser performers who are making more. It's an irresistible argument for an increase. No wonder almost all major-leaguers are well paid. "The owners are seeing what Hollywood saw a long time ago," says player agent Reuven Katz. "Stars are worth a lot of money. They attract people. Hollywood paid these big salaries 20 years ago. Of course, Hollywood would pay the spear carriers scale. Baseball is paying the spear carriers as stars."

For their part, owners and general managers are willing to take responsibility for high salaries. When polled by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, they refused to blame the players for seeking top dollar, admitted the teams wouldn't be spending lavishly if they couldn't afford to and didn't think they were investing wisely, and conceded that they, the bosses, are only too quick to reach for their checkbooks. "New owners want to make an instant hit," says Haywood Sullivan, himself a relatively new owner of the Red Sox, "so they go after big-name free agents." Adds Pittsburgh General Manager Harding Peterson, "The thirst to win is so great that owners will go to any extent to become a winner." How true. Atlanta owner Ted Turner saw himself just one lefthanded outfielder short of contention, so he signed the Mets' inconsistent Claudell Washington to a five-year, $3.5 million contract. The Astros figured they could repeat as National League West champions with a little more pitching and depth, so they signed 35-year-old Dodger Righthander Don Sutton (three years, $2.85 million) and Texas utilityman Dave Roberts (five years, $1.1 million). Of course, when it comes to free agents, all restraints are down. "You haven't had to trade anybody," says Expo owner Charles Bronfman. "You don't have to give up a frontline player." So the owner fantasizes: "If I can just spend enough I can get this guy." And he spends, frequently more than enough.

Most owners blame a few of their high-bidding peers—George Steinbrenner of

EVERYTHING'S ON THE UP AND UP

Average player salary, average major league ticket price and total major league attendance for the years 1971-80.

YEAR	AVERAGE SALARY	AVERAGE TICKET PRICE	ATTENDANCE
1971	$31,543	Not available	29,193,417
1972	34,092	N.A.	26,968,268
1973	36,566	N.A.	30,108,926
1974	40,839	N.A.	30,025,608
1975	44,676	N.A.	29,789,913
1976	51,501	$3.45	31,318,331
1977	76,066	3.75	38,709,779*
1978	99,876	3.99	40,636,886
1979	113,558**	4.12	43,550,398
1980	130,592***	4.53	43,014,756

*Includes Seattle and Toronto for the first time

**Players Association discounts deferred payments without interest at the rate of 9% per year for the period of such payments. This was the first year the discount was used

***Estimated figures, based on the Players Association's estimate that salaries were up about 15% in 1980. The Player Relations Committee estimates 1980 average salary at $146,500

the Yankees and Turner in particular—for driving up prices. Kuhn gave credence to this view at the winter meetings by stating, "Foolish player contracts signed by a few have aggravated the situation." But an examination of the record discloses that foolishness is widespread. Shortly after the second reentry draft had taken place in November of 1977, Texas owner Brad Corbett offered Minnesota Outfielder Larry Hisle a $3 million contract. Hisle hadn't said a word, but Corbett did his bidding for him. Hisle signed with Milwaukee for Corbett's figure. In 1978 Turner upped the ante for Pete Rose by offering him more than $1 million a year. Rose actually signed with his first-choice team, Philadelphia, for $800,000, but Turner had forced the Phillies to hike their original offer. In 1979, California Pitcher Nolan Ryan and his agent, Dick Moss, proposed a four-year contract, with Ryan receiving $1 million the final season. It was their opening bid, one they undoubtedly would have scaled down in negotiations. But when Angels General Manager Buzzie Bavasi began squawking that Ryan wanted $1 million a year *immediately*, everyone assumed that was his bottom line. Lo and behold, the Astros made Ryan baseball's first $1 million-a-year player. And remember, in 1980 it was the Mets—not the Yankees—who made Winfield his first firm offer of $1.5 million a year. Steinbrenner had to match it, and that—at least in base salary—is all he did.

Today almost everyone is shelling out big money, though you won't hear it from the owner. "[A few] big spenders are ruining the game," says Cardinal Manager-G.M. Whitey Herzog who has four $700,000-a-year players. "The Winfield deal was outrageous," says San Francisco owner Bob Lurie, whose signing of Second Baseman Rennie Stennett to a five-year, $3 million contract was probably the most outrageous deal in the short history of free agentry. Preaching sanity in salaries, Dodger G.M. Peter O'Malley says, "We're a voice in the wilderness." This is the same O'Malley who signed an average pitcher, Minnesota's Dave Goltz, to a six-year, $3 million contract. Recently the Angels signed another routine Twins hurler, Geoff Zahn, for about $1.1 million over three years. "Fools are born every day," says Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith.

The Twins are one of a handful of teams, including Toronto, Oakland, Seattle and Detroit, that have generally shied away from high-priced contracts. But has their restraint been justified? Big-money signings have made money for clubs as often as they've lost it.

It's well established that free agentry and multiyear contracts have promoted competitive parity. In the last two years the maximum of eight different teams have won divisional titles. What isn't so well appreciated is the connection between parity and profits. After signing Carew in 1979, the Angels won their first divisional title and set team records for season-ticket sales and home attendance. There was even a carryover into 1980, when they had their second-largest attendance in their worst season. "We've spent more than $14 million for free agents but gotten our money's worth," says owner Gene Autry. Even the few clubs that have done well without much spending are coming around. Kansas City has given George Brett a new five-year contract at $1 million a year. And just last week Baltimore signed Eddie Murray to a five-year, $3.8 million contract.

Now consider baseball's wondrous attendance. Kuhn attributes it primarily to superior marketing. Admittedly, "baseball fever" is a nifty slogan, and teams are to be congratulated for professionalizing their operations, but the connection between large crowds and free agentry is too obvious to be overlooked. As the box on page 36 documents, even without the addition of expansion clubs in Toronto and Seattle, attendance has jumped significantly during the free-agent years. Of the 12 teams that have spent the most since free agentry began in late 1976, 10 have set single-season attendance marks. The publicity surrounding free agentry may have improved the players' bargaining power, but it has also kept baseball in the news during the off-season. Last week was the first since the end of the World Series in which the New York papers didn't run daily stories on baseball. Publicity, like parity, equals profits.

It's the oldest axiom in business: you have to spend money to make money. The example of the two New York teams is instructive. When George Steinbrenner bought controlling interest of the Yankees in 1973, he promised to build a winner by spending. Mets board chairman M. Donald Grant said big spending would be the death of baseball. The result of their divergent policies was that the Yankees became winners who have drawn better in every year of Steinbrenner's ownership, while the Mets went from champions to losers whose crowds dwindled every year but 1975 and 1980, when their new owners began spending.

Of course, it's easy to belittle the Mets in retrospect. Before the advent of free agentry, clubs were accustomed to doing good business while underpaying the players. To take a quantum leap into the marketplace meant a journey into uncharted territory. Many owners understandably asked if the trip was worthwhile, economical or justifiable. "I think we've been able to afford these salaries because we began taking a more intelligent marketing approach," says Dalton. "We didn't just open the gates and wait for the fans to show up." Owners also began to realize that in an electronic age baseball operates on a star system. This is particularly true in celebrity-conscious New York, where Reg-

continued

WHAT THEY'RE BEING PAID

Here are the latest team salary averages per player (for 1979), compiled by the Players Association.

N.Y. YANKEES	$199,236	SAN DIEGO	103,819
PHILADELPHIA	197,926	BALTIMORE	101,266
PITTSBURGH	174,439	CLEVELAND	98,023
CINCINNATI	165,144	N.Y. METS	93,607
CALIFORNIA	155,694	ATLANTA	90,366
BOSTON	145,692	KANSAS CITY	91,583
MONTREAL	142,829	WHITE SOX	74,673
MILWAUKEE	137,309	HOUSTON	73,660
LOS ANGELES	134,305	MINNESOTA	70,703
TEXAS	128,806	TORONTO	67,044
SAN FRANCISCO	120,737	DETROIT	63,377
ST. LOUIS	116,628	SEATTLE	61,830
CHICAGO CUBS	104,116	OAKLAND	41,220

gie Jackson bas been worth his weight in pinstripes. It's possible that Steinbrenner recruited Winfield with the idea of making him the Yankees' next designated attraction. "Teams have to pay the price not to move tbeir stars," adds Dalton. "You can't measure dollars and cents. You have to imagine the potential loss to a club if a star got away. Take Robin Yount of our club. What would it cost to lose him? You have to use your wits as best you can."

Most assuredly, some owners *haven't* acted wisely and *have* made miserable investments. The names of free agents who flopped is grist for a trivia quiz: Stennett, John Curtis, Rick Wise, Bert Campaneris, Bruce Kison, Al Hrabosky and many, many more. There is an interesting paradox in the current talks over compensation for players who become free agents and go to other teams. Grebey insists that compensation is a question of equity, not money. His own boss, the commissioner, has indicated tbat owners would spend less if they had to sacrifice their own players to get free agents. The players feel they're being asked to bail out the owners not only for their spending but also simple business mistakes.

The athletes have a point. It's neither tbeir fault nor their responsibility that the world cbampion Phillies claim to be a struggling operation because they got a poor stadium deal. "That was just a dumb baseball move by the Phillies' management," says a student of the situation. The players see no reason to rescue the inept Cubs, who could have signed baseball's best relief pitcher, Bruce Sutter, to a long-term contract. Instead they took him to arbitration, got saddled witb a $700,000-per-year contract and had to trade him. The Texas Rangers were forced to pay Pitcher Sparky Lyle a huge salary because General Manager Eddie Robinson misunderstood two basic trading rules of baseball.

It has been said often, but it bears repeating: baseball is a much better game than the people who run it. So much better, in fact, tbat it's sure to survive and prosper. Worry not, executives, the game's financial future looks bright:

• One way or another, the lingering free-agent question could be resolved in tbe next 12 months. A study committee composed of two players and two owners will submit its report next week. Most likely there will be two separate reports—a players' document tbat opposes tbe use of major-leaguers to compensate teams losing free agents, and an owners' report favoring the idea. If no agreement is reached in subsequent negotiations, the owners will bave until Feb. 19 to impose their compensation system unilaterally. Then the players must decide before Marcb 1 whether to strike. In any case, most owners agree that compensation isn't a life-and-death issue.

• More significant than player-owner negotiations is a brewing owner-owner dispute. Against considerable old-guard opposition, a group led by Baltimore's Edward Bennett Williams is pushing the idea of revenue sharing along the lines of tbe National Football League. All NFL teams get $5.6 million a year from their television package, and home and visiting teams divide gate receipts 60–40. In baseball only the national television package is equitably divided—to the tune of either $1.9 million or $1 million a team, depending on whether you believe the owners' or the players' estimate. Local TV rights aren't divided, so the Yankees, Blue Jays and Expos make $5-$7 million a year, while many other teams bank $1 million or less. In tbe American League, visiting teams collect 20% of tbe income from tickets sold, while National League visitors make 39 *cents* per ticket, and only on those that are used. Revenue sharing isn't particularly critical to football profits because there are no local TV contracts and most teams routinely sell out. But in baseball, attendance varies widely and some of the worst-drawing teams have some of the weakest TV contracts. Miller and numerous younger executives tbink revenue sbaring is a nifty way for baseball to keep its bouse in order. "Revenue sharing?" California's Bavasi stormed at *The Washington Post's* Thomas Boswell. "Hell, that's communism!"

No matter. Even if baseball rejects revenue sharing—the pet project of that old red devil Richard Nixon—the clubs can expect a windfall from cable and pay TV. White Sox owner Bill Veeck, ever the visionary, bas already sold rights to his bome games to cable TV.

• Baseball may soon open the books to justify its claims of financial duress, and the books may indeed sbow that most teams are losing money. But beware. As any informed taxpayer knows, a good accountant can turn an actual profit into a paper loss. The owners are also familiar with such cost-cutting measures as the signing bonus and deferred payments. By giving Winfield $1 million up front, Steinbrenner saved himself $500,000 in federal taxes. Deferred money can be invested until it's due and paid wben it's worth less.

And what if a team has genuine financial problems? "No one should count on new owners coming along to bail out struggling clubs," Kuhn says. Bosh. "They're standing in line to buy franchises," says Lurie. So many buyers were standing in line to buy the White Sox tbat tbe owners turned down Edward DeBartolo's $20 million bid. The Cleveland Indians are considered one of baseball's worst investments, yet Neil Papiano and James Nederlander are buying 53% of the club's stock for $7.5 million.

The trend won't be toward bankruptcy but toward rich owners selling to richer ones, or to companies, conglomerates or multinationals. If Griffith were to unload the Twins, the Minneapolis business interests who pushed through the $54 million Metrodome over public opposition would buy the Twins and jack them up like a grain elevator on the prairie. And poor old Calvin would retire with a fat profit. Tbe Payson family bought the Mets for $1.8 million in 1962 and sold them for $21.1 million in 1980.

• Kuhn's suggestion at Dallas that in 1980-84 baseball will lose 10 times the "many millions" it has supposedly lost in 1975-79 is based on a questionable projection. Already salary spending is leveling off. Salaries increased 46.7% in 1977 (the first year of free-agent salaries), 31.3% in 1978, 22.1% in 1979 and an estimated 20.2% in 1980. And these numbers are based on management calculations that don't discount deferred payments. Commenting on Kuhn's projections, Miller says, "If you had a very strong dam holding back a lot of water and the dam collapses, you measure the rate of flow for the first four hours wben the flow is beaviest. Fair enough. But do you tben make a projection for the next four hours that it will flow at the same rate? That's insane."

The otber day Cincinnati President Dick Wagner was reminiscing about tbe minor leagues. "In the Western League we had one club sbow up wearing seven different uniforms," he said. "They showed up another time with one bat."

It's doubtful the majors will ever be undressed or unarmed. END

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Auditioning for the eternal highlight film

Dr. Z's 1980 All-Pro squad lines up with Cleveland's Brian Sipe at quarterback and enough muscle and mettle at the other positions to cast a DeMillean pigskin epic

Payton sorry about last year, Walter

Our 1980 All-Pro team features 12 players who have never been in a Pro Bowl, a 30-year-old safety who has never been picked for anything and a left-footed placekicker who tried a 73-yard field goal (a bad hold messed up his shot at the eternal highlight film). We saw every player at least three times this season, either in the flesh or on TV (a video cassette recorder helped). Anyone who missed more than four games, or a quarter of the season, on account of injuries wasn't considered. When two people were dead even, we went with the one who had received less recognition in his career. We picked a 4–3 defense rather than a 3–4, and this needs some explanation, because slightly more than half the NFL teams use a 3–4.

First of all, a 4–3 is easier to pick, because the positions are more clearly defined; for instance, how many people really know who plays the strong-side inside linebacker and who goes on the weak side? And if you pick two middle linebackers, do you just pick the best two or do you pick strong side and weak? And when you choose a middle guard, is he the best pure middle guard or a tackle, a Randy White say, projected to the middle? Besides, many 3–4 teams go into a 4–3 as soon as they smell a pass coming. And I think you'll see a number of 3–4 teams switching back to the 4–3 next season because stopping the run isn't so important anymore, and a heavy, traditional four-man rush is the only way to play pass defense and survive nowadays.

Jefferson the eyes have it

OFFENSE

Wide Receivers—John Jefferson, San Diego, and Pat Tilley, St. Louis. Jefferson was one of the easiest picks on the board, but Tilley won by a nose over Green Bay's James Lofton on consistency and attempted blocking. Harold Carmichael of the Eagles was a clear choice after 10 games, but then went into a tailspin and caught only 11 passes in the last six. The man most feared by cornerbacks was the Patriots' Stanley Morgan. He can burn deep, but he can drop 'em, too.

Tackles—Mike Kenn of Atlanta and Marvin Powell of the New York Jets. Kenn put it all together this year, his Big Ten run-blocking ability, which he always had, plus some nifty pass blocking, which he had to learn. Everyone will be lining up to tell me how much Powell has slipped since 1979. What can I say? The guy looked good when I saw him, and no tackle can so thoroughly dominate an opponent when he's right.

Guards—John Hannah of New England and Herbert Scott of Dallas. Hannah might be the best ever. Scott was an agonizing choice over San Diego's Doug Wilkerson, perhaps the finest puller in the NFL, and keep an eye on San Francisco's Randy Cross.

Center—Rich Saul, Los Angeles. He's the guy, remember, who said he would play only two quarters a game, pick any two. Ah well, midsummer madness. Pittsburgh's Mike Webster did a heroic job, playing with torn cartilage in his knee.

Quarterback—Brian Sipe, Cleveland. The world has finally recognized Sipe, a big-play man with the lowest interception rate in football, an unusual combination. No quarterback, though, had a better game when it counted more than San Diego's Dan Fouts had against the Steelers.

Running Backs—Earl Campbell, Houston, and Walter Payton, Chicago. Campbell makes a picker's job easy. Give us more of these, please. Last year I chose St. Louis' O.J. Anderson over Payton and suffered over it for 12 months. I mean, Walter is just so tough, so dedicated. He simply doesn't miss a start. Sorry, Billy Sims, you'll have to wait a while. I'm not going to go through the same thing again.

Tight End—Kellen Winslow, San Di-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY GERSTEN

ego. If my life depended on completing a seven-yard pass, though, I'd throw it to Houston's Dave Casper. Winslow is aided by the fact that you have to double-cover everybody in the San Diego offense except Don Macek, the center, and I'm sure Coach Don Coryell will figure out a way to get Macek the ball someday. The anti-Winslow faction claims he really lines up as a wide receiver, and blocks accordingly. Sorry. You can't overlook Winslow's 89 receptions for 1,290 yards.

DEFENSE

Ends—Art Still, Kansas City, and Ed (Too Tall) Jones, Dallas. We don't take sack statistics into consideration because 1) they are kept by club officials and not regular statisticians, and 2) they don't begin to tell the story, because the guy who forces the sack gets nothing while the one who inherits it gets the credit. Still's an all-rounder, playing the run as well as the pass. Ditto Too Tall, who never has been a Pro Bowl choice in his six years in the league. Too Tall was a very narrow pick over Chicago's freewheeling Dan Hampton.

Tackles—Louie Kelcher, San Diego, and Randy White, Dallas. When White is up for a big game, there's none better, but I've seen him go into a fog, too. Kelcher won by an eyelash over teammate Gary Johnson, a better pass rusher than Kelcher but not in Louie's league as a crusher. My favorite middle guard in the 3–4 is Miami's Bob Baumhower, but Buffalo's Fred Smerlas is a wrecking ball out there.

Outside Linebackers—Ted Hendricks, Oakland, and Jerry Robinson, Philadelphia. Medical science might reveal why Hendricks turned into such a monster again this season; I certainly can't figure it out. No linebacker flies to the ball as quickly as Robinson does. Pittsburgh's Jack Ham played hurt. Houston's Bob Brazile was better than any of them in individual games, but not in enough.

Middle Linebacker—Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh. I can hear him now: "How can that jerk pick me this year when I had a better year in '79 and he picked Harry Carson?" Well, I look at it this way. The 3–4 linebackers are sharing the position, and they come out on passing downs, so, really, they're doing about 60% of the job Lambert does. Lambert plays all the time and very few middle men have his downfield pass-coverage responsibilities.

Cornerbacks—Lester Hayes, Oakland, and Pat Thomas, Los Angeles. Hayes is a throwback, an old bump-and-run-style defender who covers from the line of scrimmage; he had 13 interceptions this season. Thomas is an emotional choice. I love the way he plays football. He gets a slight edge over Kansas City's Gary Green.

Strong Safety—Bruce Laird, Baltimore. This is the kind of pick that makes me very happy. For nine years I've been thinking, "Gee, this guy really gets the job done," and people have been telling me, "Well, he's limited." Sipe says no defensive back gives him as much trouble. The Patriots' Russ Francis says Laird just keeps getting better. Houston's Vernon Perry, our sleeper last year, played hurt all season, but was still effective.

Free Safety—Nolan Cromwell, Los Angeles. Another clear choice. Nobody can really figure out what a free safety does on the field, but at least this guy is visible in every game. Cromwell, a hurdler in college, will dominate this position for a long, long time.

Kicker—Fred Steinfort, Denver. He was 5 for 8 past 50 yards, 3 for 5 on 55-yarders or better. Clearly, Steinfort, a first-year Bronco who had failed in Oakland and Atlanta, has a cannon for a leg; also, his overall percentage was good (26 for 34) and he missed only one extra point.

Punter—Dave Jennings, New York Giants, won it on best overall average and best net, subtracting touchbacks and returns, without a great punt coverage unit to back him up. With the Giants he got lots of practice.

Rookie of the Year—Billy Sims, who else?

Coach of the Year—Chuck Knox, Buffalo. Runners-up: Leeman Bennett, Atlanta, and Sam Rutigliano, Cleveland. Emotionally, you always go for the guy who turns a loser into a winner, or, as Bum Phillips says, "There's still room in coaching for coaching." **END**

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by Bruce Newman

Return of the native

Jim Valvano left the big city to coach N.C. State. Last week he was back in New York—and finding credit very tight

It was getting late on Christmas night when the three wise men in red polyester pants finished their meal and prepared to leave the hotel dining room. Jim Valvano beckoned airily to a waiter for the check, once again thinking to himself how good it was to be back in New York City. In March he had given up the head coaching job at little Iona College in suburban New Rochelle, N.Y. to become the coach at North Carolina State, a national power. It had been an important move for Valvano, a born and bred New Yorker who had been coaching in the East for 12 years. Now here he was on the eve of the ECAC Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden, in charge of one of the most esteemed basketball programs in the country, trying to persuade a New York waiter to let him sign for dinner. A classic confrontation. Valvano signed the check. The waiter asked for cash. Valvano showed his room key. Cash, said the waiter. Valvano turned on the charm, identified himself as the coach of the North Carolina State-By-God-Wolfpack and told the waiter not to worry.

"He thought I was trying to stiff him," Valvano said later, after having to surrender most of his cash to the underawed waiter. "I've signed for meals in hotels all over the country, and this is the first time anybody ever thought I was trying to pull a fast one on them. He didn't even believe we were coaches. What did he think? That I'd called up two friends and said, 'I've got a great idea. Let's dress up in red pants and white Wolfpack sweaters, then get a lot of 6′ 8″ guys to follow us around and call us "coach" so we can get a free Christmas dinner down at the Statler'?" Valvano shook his head, and with just the slightest trace of a drawl he muttered, "Only in New York."

If those final words seemed awash with irony, they were meant to be, for there are few more devoted New Yorkers than the 34-year-old Valvano. Before he came back to the city last week he had spent nine months adjusting to life in North Carolina, and found he was loving the Wolfpack meetings, where everybody dresses up in red clothes, and the pig pickin's (barbecues, to Yankees), where "every time I open my mouth I get a hundred bucks." Valvano says he has already learned that "beating North Carolina is not life and death, it's more important than that. If Carolina played the Russians, half the state would be rooting for the Russians."

Raleigh is a world away from Times Square, and now and then Valvano enjoys letting his new constituents in on the difference between the two places. "I do a radio show in Raleigh," he says, "and one day they asked me to do the traffic report. When I went on I told 'em, 'I've been here six months, I'm not gonna kid you. There's no traffic. Good news again, folks.' They get a little stirred up if the light on Six Forks Road doesn't change fast enough, but I mean, unless you've sat on the Long Island Expressway for six hours, you've never been in traffic."

Last July, Valvano drove up to New York to do a little recruiting, using one of the two new cars the school had provided him with when he signed. His hubcaps were stolen. Not to be trifled with twice, Valvano flew into the city last week for the Holiday Festival. "When I got off the plane," he says, "I asked a guy what time it was, and he said to me, 'What do I look like, a clock?' That's when I knew I was home."

Home. Only in New York. James Thomas Anthony Valvano—second son of Rocco and Angelina Valvano—grew up in the Corona section of Queens. "I didn't know there was anything *but* Italians until I was 14," Valvano says. "We had no pretensions in my family. Every sentence when I was growing up began, 'Ayyy. . . .' When I was 14 we moved out to the suburbs, where we played zones. All I remember is a lot of little white guys with their hands up."

Valvano's father coached high school ball in and around New York for 25 years. When Lou Carnesecca, now the head coach at St. John's, coached his very first game at St. Ann's Academy in the Bronx 31 years ago, the other team was coached by Rocco Valvano. When Jimmy Valvano, who had grown up thinking that to play at St. John's would be

continued

"something special," came of an age to go to college, a St. John's scout looked at him and decided the kid wasn't good enough to play there. Last Saturday night the Redmen met North Carolina State in the tournament's championship game. What goes around comes around.

When young Jimmy V. was told he couldn't play for St. John's he enrolled at Rutgers, made the basketball team as a walk-on and became a star. "I had a scholarship from the Dime Savings Bank," he says. "It took me seven years to pay it back. When I left home to go to Rutgers, which is 40 miles from New York, my mother packed me food. That's true. When I left, my whole family came—everybody was crying, there were long phone calls, and when we drove over we packed blankets in the car in case we had to sleep on the way. And this was to go to New Brunswick, N.J."

Valvano had never been away from home, and it was a dramatic experience. "The first fair-skinned girl I saw, I married," he says. Valvano did, in fact, marry a knockout blonde with green eyes named Pamela Susan Levine. "She saw my big nose and thought I was Jewish," Valvano says. "I saw her last name and thought it was Levini. It was three years before we figured out we had a mixed marriage."

Valvano stayed on at Rutgers as an assistant coach, then became head coach at Johns Hopkins for a season, spent two years as an assistant at Connecticut and three years as head coach at Bucknell before taking over at Iona in 1975. The Gaels had gone 4–19 the year before Valvano arrived, and putting them on the basketball map wasn't easy. During a game at Columbia in his first season, Iona rallied from 17 points down before finally winning in double overtime, and Valvano got so excited during the comeback that he keeled over at courtside, blacking out for a moment.

During those lean early years, when the coach was introduced at camps and clinics, he would say, "I'm Jim Valvano, Iona College." "The kids would just look at me and tell me I must be the youngest dude in America to own his own college," Valvano says. In five seasons at Iona, Valvano had a 94–47 record and got the Gaels into the NCAA tournament his last two years. Though he had turned down offers from big schools before, when N.C. State dangled the chance to succeed Norm Sloan—who was leaving after 14 years to go back to coach at Florida—Valvano had to take it. "I always said I would only leave for ego," he says, "and that's what happened. I wanted to take a shot. I was born and raised in New York, but you finally have to accept the fact that this isn't a college basketball town. The great thing about New York is that on any given Saturday you can play and not draw 12,000 people. That's a great thing. And now I've given all that up."

Only days after Valvano abruptly announced his resignation, Iona star Jeff Ruland revealed that he'd had an agent all last season, and there has been speculation ever since that Valvano knew Ruland had violated his amateur standing and wouldn't be back this year. Valvano denies that, but he knew all the talk had fueled hard feelings against him among some Iona loyalists, and staring him right in the eye was the fact that N.C. State would be facing Iona in the opening round of the ECAC tournament. The game had been scheduled while he was still at Iona. "There's a special feeling about beating Jim Valvano around campus," Gary Springer, one of Valvano's last recruiting prizes at Iona, said last week. "It would be the highlight of our season."

Valvano said he found such talk disturbing. "I hate to play people who have a cause," he said. "How could it be the highlight of their season? It's only December. To my players it's not a big thing. They're just freezing their butts off and wondering who is the idiot who scheduled this game. They want to know why they're not in Hawaii."

When Valvano was introduced to the Garden crowd before the Iona game on Friday night, he was booed for 30 seconds. Several of his less ardent admirers chucked Christmas-tree ornaments at him. Then the Wolfpack came out and stood around like a bunch of Scotch pines, but still held off the aroused Gaels 61–58.

The next night, before the championship game against St. John's, the crowd gave it to Valvano again. The Wolfpack responded by limiting the Redmen to a single field goal for the first 10 minutes and 52 seconds of the first half. They survived a St. John's rally in the second half and won 64–55. "The people booed him, they disrespected him," said State's Kenny Matthews. "He was hyper all week, couldn't stay still. He wanted the tournament bad, and we wanted to give it to him. V coach every bounce, coach every rebound, V always in the game. That's why we like V so much."

V was so happy he was speechless, sort of. An Italian radio journalist wanted to interview Valvano in Italian. Did the coach *capisce Italiano*? "No, I'm sorry," Valvano said. "I only know curse words. I could curse at somebody if you want me to." Later that night Valvano repaired to the hotel bar for a cocktail and to spout Shakespeare with a couple of coaching friends. When the check finally arrived, he eyed it warily and started to reach for his pen. Just then a lot of people in red coats and red hats came by, and to show their gratitude to Valvano for making them proud to be part of the Wolfpack, they paid his bar bill. In cash. Only in New York.

THE WEEK

(December 22-28)

by ANTHONY COTTON

EAST Duke's Gene Banks came home to Philadelphia and led the Blue Devils to an 88–82 win over Penn. Although he scored a season-high 28 points (nine of 12 from the field, 10 of 13 free throws) and ran his four-year record against Philly teams to 8–0, Banks insisted the locale was no big deal. "I don't get psyched up to play against Philly teams," he said. "I just enjoy it." Penn Coach Bob Weinhauer didn't enjoy the 50 free throws the Blue Devils received to the home team's 14. "We don't defend well against free throws," he said sarcastically. "Giving up 50 foul shots is unheard-of."

Virginia's Ralph Sampson is wondering if he'll ever hear the end of his roommate's chattering. Sampson's roomie, Louis Collins, a footballer turned reserve basketball player, was three for three from the floor as Virginia crushed Baltimore University 103–62. "It's a good thing I'm leaving for Christmas," Sampson said. "Hopefully he'll be all talked out when we get back." Sampson may want to compare his stats with Collins'. The 7′ 4″ center had 15 rebounds, made 10 for 12 field-goal attempts and scored 24 points in 24 minutes. Sampson is shooting 70.1% from the field for the year.

Points weren't plentiful for Ernest Graham and Dutch Morley of Maryland. Although the Terrapins beat Georgia Tech 66–55, the two were held scoreless. For Graham, who averages 12.1, it was his first scoreless game in two years. He complained of a sore left ankle. "When you feel terrible, you're going to play

terrible." Graham said. His running mate at forward, Albert King, felt fine, though, shooting 12 of 18 from the field, mostly from long range, and scoring 28 points.

Georgetown's main scorer, Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, played decoy in an 80–61 win over Texas Southern. Floyd, who averaged 19.4 points entering the game, took only seven shots and scored but four points. The difference was made up by forwards Mike Hancock and Jeff Bullis, who combined for 33 points.

MIDWEST The morning of the Indiana-Kansas State game, visiting Coach Bobby Knight said that he and Wildcat Coach Jack Hartman were anachronisms because they believed in "old-fashioned" teams built around discipline and defense. Later that evening Knight's squad lived up to the billing in a 51–44 win. The discipline came from a patient offense that took only 33 shots from the field but made 20 of them. The defense was a hard-nosed man-to-man that stifled the Wildcats. Still, Knight raved about his opponent. "That's the hardest any team has played against us since I've been at Indiana," he said.

Kansas State rebounded later in the week to defeat Arkansas 47–46 in overtime. With two seconds to play and the score tied at 46, the Wildcats' Rolando Blackman blocked a shot by Arkansas' Darrell Walker. The referee called for a jump ball, but the game was being played under a Big Eight rule that specifies alternating possessions on all jump ball calls. This time it was Kansas State's turn to have the ball. "I told my players, 'Don't foul,' " said Razorback Coach Eddie Sutton. Evidently Scott Hastings wasn't listening. Hastings fouled Ed Nealy, who hit a free throw for the win.

Defending NCAA champion Louisville slumped to 1–5, losing to Minnesota 62–56. The Cardinals blew a number of inside shots against the Golden Gophers, who average 6′ 9½″ across the front line. Louisville Coach Denny Crum denied that his team was intimidated by its opponents' size, but Minnesota's 7′ 2″ Center Randy Breuer felt otherwise. "When I put my arms up, I'm 9′ 6″ or 9′ 7″. To shoot over that is a little difficult."

Just before a game at Iowa State, Alabama-Birmingham Coach Gene Bartow claims he overheard an Iowa State professor tell referee Charles Greene that he (the prof) was keeping a chart for the Big Eight office and would record every call Greene made. Naturally, after a 71–70 loss to the Cyclones, Bartow was mad. "The Big Eight official really made high grades tonight," he said. "I told him that he was a dirty homer." It didn't help Bartow's demeanor that the Blazers shot only 43% from the field and committed 15 turnovers. Tulsa matched its entire victory total of a year ago, making its record 8–1 with a 90–76 defeat of Purdue. Last year the Golden Hurricane finished 8–19.

SI TOP 20

1.	DePAUL (9–0)	1 *
2.	OREGON STATE (6–0)	4
3.	VIRGINIA (6–0)	5
4.	UCLA (6–1)	3
5.	NOTRE DAME (6–1)	6
6.	KENTUCKY (6–1)	2
7.	MARYLAND (7–1)	7
8.	IOWA (6–1)	9
9.	TEXAS A&M (7–0)	10
10.	LOUISIANA ST. (7–1)	12
11.	WAKE FOREST (8–0)	15
12.	N. CAROLINA (8–1)	16
13.	ARIZONA ST. (7–1)	17
14.	ILLINOIS (7–1)	18
15.	CLEMSON (8–1)	14
16.	INDIANA (7–3)	8
17.	MICHIGAN (7–0)	20
18.	BRIGHAM YOUNG (8–2)	--
19.	S. ALABAMA (7–1)	--
20.	TULSA (8–1)	--

* Last issue

MIDEAST Notre Dame received an early Christmas present, beating Valparaiso 69–56, but the real goody was a 67–61 win over Kentucky in Louisville five days later, which broke a six-year losing streak to the Wildcats. "I told our players if we could play them in the 60s we could beat them," said Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps. "Every game we've lost to them down here has been in the 70s or higher." The Irish held down the score this time with zone defenses and a patient offense. But the real key, according to Forward Kelly Tripucka, who scored a game-high 30 points, was composure. "We were more patient, more relaxed when we came down here this time," he said. "In the past we were superpsyched. This time Digger didn't yell as much."

After his team defeated Xavier of Ohio 78–62, Louisiana State Coach Dale Brown told the media: "This will be the shortest press conference I've held at LSU, because I don't want to ruin your Christmas and I don't want to ruin my Christmas." The Tigers had led for most of the game, but Brown was less than pleased with his squad's effort. "Our concentration was below zero," he said.

Fans in downstate Illinois were eager for a matchup of Bradley and Illinois in the finals of the Fighting Illini Classic. The schools, situated less than 100 miles apart, had met only once since 1937, but after Illinois beat Ohio University 84–54 in the semifinals, Bradley lost to Oklahoma 53–52 in overtime. Illinois won the championship by another 30-point margin, 93–63, over the Sooners.

With a trip to Hawaii scheduled the next day, Marquette started daydreaming in snowy Milwaukee and needed an overtime period to defeat lightly regarded Western Michigan 79–74. "It's human nature," said Marquette Coach Hank Raymonds. "We tried to warn them about it, but with the trip to Hawaii coming up, they just didn't have their minds on basketball." Freshman Glenn Rivers kept his mind on the mainland long enough to hit a game-tying shot with 19 seconds left in regulation play, then make a steal with three seconds left to force the game into overtime.

WEST Marquette didn't give basketball enough attention when it got to Hawaii, either. The Warriors were dumped by Pan American in the first round of the Rainbow Classic 71–70. Forward Curtis Glasper converted a free throw with two seconds remaining for the upset.

Members of the Drake basketball team like to state their lot in life with a song: "It's so hard . . . so hard to be a Bulldog." The dog's life became a little easier after Drake defeated previously unbeaten Utah 69–68 in the first round of the Far West Classic in Portland. Of course, Drake did it the hard way. Star Forward Lewis Lloyd drew three fouls in the first four minutes and saw only 18 minutes of action thereafter. Still, the Bulldogs hung tough and tied the game at 68 on a jumper by Pop Wright with 48 seconds to play. Utah decided to go for the last shot, but with 12 seconds left, the Utes' Danny Vranes lost the ball and fouled Drake's Charlie Nichols. Nichols hit the first of two free throws, then intentionally missed the second to kill the clock and Utah's chances.

Oregon State's first-round contest wasn't as exciting—or as difficult—the Beavers routing Northwestern 90–70. "I thought the game went as we expected it to," said Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller. What the Beavers expected was that the Wildcats would open the game in a zone defense—which they did. State also anticipated forcing Northwestern out of that zone with long-range shooting—which they did. After the Wildcats switched to man-to-man, Oregon State worked backdoor plays and scored repeatedly. In all, the Beavers passed for 33 assists. Jeff Stout hit 11 of 14 shots from the field and scored 25 points in just 18 minutes of play.

Brigham Young won a pair of games against intrastate rivals, downing Weber State 85–78 and Utah State 104–89. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KELLY TRIPUCKA: Notre Dame's 6′ 7″ senior forward scored 46 points in leading the Fighting Irish to wins over Valparaiso and Kentucky. Against Kentucky, Tripucka made 14 of 15 free throws in the second half.

'Greatest Legs to Ever Stride the Earth'

Gayle Olinek once wanted only to hide her magnificent gams, but now that she has become a world-class marathoner and a devotee of bodybuilding, they are a glorious revelation

by Dan Levin

CONTINUED

An extremely thin young black man, with blue eyes and a seemingly permanent death's-head grin, is torturing a guitar and chanting something about cosmic awareness. He has a large battery pack on his back and roller skates with red fluorescent wheels on his feet, and his voice is a curious, hoarse warble. What pass for lyrics don't seem to have changed for as long as anyone can remember, and each time he finishes he grins into someone's face and croaks, "Gimme some change, gimme some change, gimme...." But no one pays him any mind, or anything else. He is just another regular along the beach in Venice, Calif., as is the woman cradling a canvas tray covered with yelping chihuahuas and the tawny, topless young goddesses catching rays on the sand. But who looks? Who cares? In Venice, when you see two breasts you've seen 'em all. On this sun-filled day, into this scene worthy of *Mad* magazine—or Hieronymus Bosch—a 27-year-old native of Toronto named Gayle Olinek (soon to be changed back to Olinekova as it had been in the Ukraine) comes sprinting by, wearing bikini shorts. In 1972 she was a 400- and 800-meter runner on the Canadian national track team, and last February she ran the New Orleans Mardi Gras Marathon in 2:35:12, which at the time was the fifth-fastest marathon ever by a woman. She has also run a 2:36:12, in the Fiesta Bowl Marathon in Scottsdale, Ariz. But she certainly doesn't look like a marathoner, or what we've come to expect one to look like. She's not a large woman, only 5′ 6″ and about 125 pounds, but she has the enormously muscled legs of the sort usually only seen in marble statuary. Her thighs and calves are plaited with ridges of sinew. And she doesn't look as if she belongs anywhere near Venice beach, either. No birds or monkeys perch on her. No magenta flames course down her cheeks. And—how weird can you get?—she's wearing a top, on this occasion a T shirt. But still the natives are dumbstruck by her, specifically by her legs. Never have they seen such legs. She's running at a sub-six-minute-mile pace, faster than such calves and thighs seem capable of carrying her, and as she hurries by, a sea of heads keeps turning, eyes cast downward, mouths ajar.

"Does everyone in your family look like that?" shouts a tiny albino man, his head encased in a skintight leather helmet of azure blue.

"No," Olinek snaps, not changing her stride, "some of us have two heads."

She continues north through Santa Monica and then onto Route 1 toward Malibu, an alert eye on traffic. Her caution is well-taken. Last March in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Olinek was running along the main drag at rush hour. She was wearing a yellow bikini, and drivers were so distracted that their cars wandered all over the road. Once, a silver Mer-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON

Since competing in her first bodybuilding contest, Olinek spends 10 hours every week training in a gym in addition to running 105 miles weekly.

cedes Benz 280 SL, was crawling along close behind Olinek. "Wow, baby," the driver shouted, "look at those legs." Suddenly there was a screech of brakes and a sickening crunch. Olinek wheeled around. The grille of the Mercedes was folded around a parking meter.

On this day, running back from Malibu, Olinek stops at her favorite Venice health-food store. As she waits in line to pay for her sprouts, bean curd and yogurt, a young surfer-type comes shuffling toward her on his knees, grabs her tightly around the legs and begins planting hurried kisses on the various muscle groups, all the while ranting, "I love your legs, I love your legs, I'm in love with your legs ..." By this time all business in the store has come to a halt, but Olinek, having overcome her surprise,

continued

merely pats her admirer on the head: they both chuckle and he rises, possibly sane.

Olinek moved to Venice from Fort Lauderdale last April with her 33-year-old boyfriend, Michael Grandi, a marathoner and a lecturer on nutrition and naturopathy, which relies on nature and natural materials in treating diseases. What brought them west were hills to run on, lower humidity and more public track facilities. Olinek's only goal at the time was making the Canadian Olympic team in the 1,500, but then came a letter from Al Thomas, an English professor at Kutztown (Pa.) State College and a prolific writer on weight training for female athletes. When Thomas had first met Olinek at a track meet a few years ago, he'd proclaimed, "You have the greatest legs to ever stride the earth." And now, having heard of Olinek's move to Southern California, he urged her to enter a bodybuilding contest. But Olinek wasn't even sure what bodybuilding was. She thought it had something to do with grunting up barbells on a stage. At the Venice area gyms, though, where Mr. (and, now, Ms.) Americas train, they knew all about Olinek.

For the preceding year Stacey Bentley, the most successful competitor in women's bodybuilding, had kept a picture of Olinek, one that emphasized those legs, pinned to the wall in her Venice apartment. When people asked why it was there, Bentley would say, "For inspiration."

On May 11, in the Pepsi Invitational Track Meet at UCLA, Olinek ran the 1,500 in 4:29.2, which qualified her for the Canadian Olympic Trials in mid-June. About that time she also was invited to compete in the Frank Zane Women's Invitational Bodybuilding Championships, to be held on June 28 in Santa Monica. When Zane, a three-time Mr. Olympia, had first seen Olinek at Venice's World Gym, he'd told her, "From the lower chest down you're fantastic." In addition to her muscular legs, Olinek has "washboard abs" (deeply ridged abdominal muscles) as a result of a training regime that had long included doing as many as 2,000 bent-knee situps a day. Zane prescribed a weightlifting routine for Olinek's upper body, and after the news came in mid-May that Canada would boycott the Moscow Olympics, Olinek says, "I decided to go crazy with weights for the contest." At the same time she had decided to keep training for the Peachtree Classic, a 10-km. race in Atlanta on July 4, only six days after the bodybuilding contest.

In the weeks approaching her "doubleheader" Olinek woke each morning at 4:45 and poured eight ounces of water into a blender, along with four tablespoonsful of primary yeast and the juice of a lemon. "It gets my blood sugar up," she claimed to those who screwed up their faces at the thought of it. Then she and Grandi would slog five miles in the soft sand to Santa Monica before doubling back to Venice on grass and roads at a sub-six-minute pace. Or they would take a bus to UCLA for speed work. One morning, as she prepared to leave UCLA's Drake Stadium, Olinek began conversing with a man who'd been leaning back as he ran around the track. "Ever have pain there?" she asked, pointing to his lower back, having noticed a slight curve in his spine.

"Yes," he said. "All the time."

"Well, I think you might have a displacement of your fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae," she told him.

"And I'm just getting over a sprained ankle, too," he said.

"For that I suggest you eat a whole pineapple," she said, ever willing to spread the gospel of good health through nature's bounty. Olinek believes that an enzyme in pineapple will put down such swelling.

As Olinek walked away, the man regarded her oddly for a moment, his expression akin to that of the wide-eyed character at the end of Lone Ranger episodes who exclaims, "Who was that masked man?" The man kept glancing back and forth from Olinek's legs to the singlet she wore, emblazoned across the chest with the words: GARLIC POWER.

After the morning runs Olinek would go home for a snack, two apples or peaches and a handful of sunflower seeds. Then she would run a mile to the World Gym. The roads were for her legs, the gym for her upper body, her lats, pecs, delts and traps. For 90 minutes, as she trained, a stream of huge men would sidle by and then stand before mirrors gazing worriedly at their legs.

At about 11 a.m. Olinek would run back home for a typical lunch: a whole cantaloupe and a bowl of yogurt with bananas, berries and a sprinkling of granola and pumpkin seeds. More fruitarian than vegetarian, she has made a study of nutrition and she was appalled by the almost zero-carbohydrate diets many of the women bodybuilders eat to stay lean. Once at a group dinner, a woman body-

continued

The scene in Venice ensures that boredom will never be a problem for Olinek on her training runs

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builder was getting unusual pleasure from a bowl of clam chowder, but after three spoonfuls, containing perhaps half an ounce of potato, her coach snatched the bowl away and said, "That's enough." The coach proceeded to finish the chowder himself, his bodybuilder gazing longingly as he ate the last of the carbohydrates; later at Olinek's house, which became a sort of billet for bodybuilders in the days before the contest, she found the woman huddled in a corner, sobbing, her hands trembling. "My God," she wailed, "I feel awful. I don't know what's the matter with me."

"Your brain cannot work without carbohydrates," Olinek said. Then she massaged the appropriate acupressure points in the bodybuilder's hands and feet, and color came flooding back to the woman's face and a headache she'd had for days disappeared. A few mornings later, Olinek discovered that a two-pound bag of raisins had been eaten during the night. She suspected one of the carbohydrate-starved bodybuilders, and she stopped bringing such foods into the house. She told Grandi, "It's cruel for me to stuff my face with grapes and bananas." That was especially true because the chowderhound coach kept pointing to Olinek and saying to his bodybuilder, "Look at those legs, look at those abs, not an ounce of fat on them." He never added that a world-class marathoner rarely has trouble with extra fat.

Olinek enjoys curling up with Bumbeline in a barber chair in her home, but when she makes a meal—she's a fruitarian—a blender does all the purring

At 5 p.m. in those weeks Olinek often ran five miles to a flight of more than 200 stairs in Santa Monica Canyon. Zane had told her, "If you like to do things that are crazy, then go to the stairs." She'd asked, "What's the record for climbing them?" He'd answered that for two stairs at a time it was about 23 seconds, so Olinek ran them one at a time, in 41 seconds, to build leg speed.

Once, as she topped the last stair, a friend looked into her eyes and saw only whites. Veins and arteries throbbed visibly all over her upper body. Olinek grabbed her wrist and glanced at her watch. "Pulse 230," she gasped. "Sometimes . . ."—she paused to catch a few breaths—"sometimes I feel a certain blackness on the stairs. It's like an implosion, as if all my muscles—my quads, my hamstrings, my pecs—are going to explode inward. But then I go a little faster and come out of it, and I feel an exquisite kind of power."

On the eve of the Zane contest Olinek gave a three-hour interview to a writer researching a book on muscular women. She told the writer, "Only a few years ago people didn't know how to react to my kind of body, but that time is gone. The Twiggy look is history. The Playboy centerfold look is a distortion of what is best in the female form. Women's bodybuilding is really coming on, and I'm convinced *that* look—my look—is the look of the '80s."

If Olinek is right, her vision has come true none too soon. Her legs may be seen as a metaphor for her life: so much leg and so little girl; so much living and so few years. A member of the Canadian

continued

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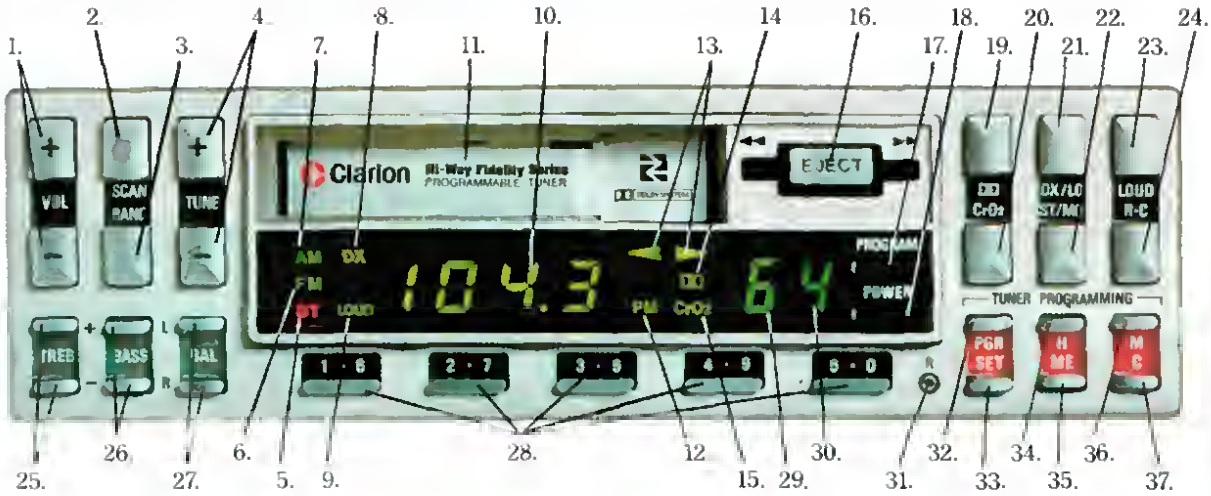

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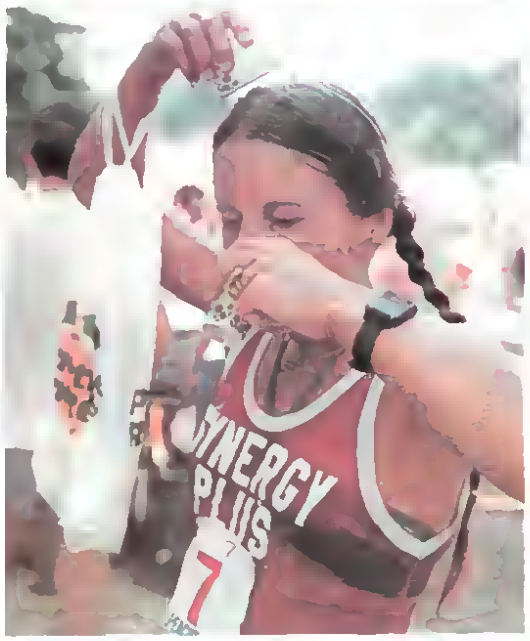

track and field team at 16, a gypsy wandering around Europe at 21. Olinek went days without food, living in a high-jump pit in Rome, sleeping in telephone booths, nearly dying in Marseilles and becoming a heavy drinker in Spain. She especially recalls "the loneliness, the blue gut feeling of being in a strange city, cold and hungry; going weeks and weeks without hearing anyone speak my name," and, most frightening, "gazing at the moon through pine branches, a pastime of lovers and madmen, and knowing I wasn't the former."

There is a pertinent line from a song in the musical play *The Fantasticks*: "Without a hurt the heart is hollow." Olinek has collected hurts enough for any lifetime.

As a child, she never rode the school bus; she raced it, on foot. She was 10 when a shoe salesman in a large store tried on every knee boot he stocked in her size and failed to get one over her calves. When she promised, "Someday people will pay to see these legs," her family suggested that she hide them until then, all the while wondering aloud which of their Ukrainian ancestors had provided the genes for such an embarrassment. At 15, still wearing sweat pants to hide her legs during workouts, she ran a 62-second quarter mile in her first real competition; it broke the Toronto girls' high school record by 10 seconds, and eight months later in June 1969, she was named to the Canadian national team. But she trained too hard and contracted mononucleosis. It wasn't until two years later, in the spring of 1971, that she regained her strength. The Pan Am Games were coming up in July, and Olinek went to the trials. She finished a strong second in the 800. But the Canadian authorities decided to send the woman who was third. They said her record was more consistent than Olinek's.

Three weeks before the Olympic Trials the following year, Olinek was sprinting on a Toronto track when a girl of about 10 dashed in front of her; they collided, Olinek suffering whiplash injuries and a fractured skull. She failed to qualify at the Trials.

Olinek was fifth in the 10 km Peachtree Classic six days after her first bodybuilding contest and then went home to train in Venice with Grandi

Olinek did little running in the summer and fall of 1972, having developed chronic bronchitis. But classes in modern dance made her more flexible than she'd ever been—on the first day it took three dancers to raise her foot to the exercise bar—and the next spring, running full tilt once again, she represented Canada in a meet with a Soviet team in Montreal. She was leading down the homestretch in the 800 when something popped in the back of her thigh. She says a doctor later told her that she'd pulled the biceps femoris, the hamstring, away from the tendon and the tendon away from the bone, and that she'd never run again.

It looked like a good time to plan a career outside athletics, so that fall Olinek enrolled as a journalism student in Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute. She stayed one semester, and then, having decided that she needed "life experience," one December day she found herself sitting on a dock in Amsterdam with $50 in her pocket. Soon she was hitching toward Zurich, where a Swiss chiropractor got her running again and a bank with a track team gave her a job. But her work permit ran out before she could compete in big meets. In Rome she was robbed of nearly all the money she'd earned in three months at the bank. So she set up housekeeping in the Stadio Olimpico, which had been used for the 1960 Olympics, sleeping in the high-jump pit, rolling the canvas cover over her head at night. Early in the morning she would step from the pit to the track and have her run.

It was July of 1974, more than a year since the hamstring injury, and the leg was better. A prestigious track meet was scheduled for Zurich in August. Olinek went back to Switzerland and applied for a job clearing brush and planting trees. The foreman told her, "I'm looking for men."

She pulled up her pants leg and replied, "I'm stronger than you are."

The foreman said, "You start in the morning."

Two weeks later Olinek won the Zurich 800 meters in a time of 2:06.22. She stood on the victor's platform and gazed out at the grandstand full of strangers. She wept, and no one knew why.

When the trees were all planted she began hitchhiking west, sleeping in tele-

continued

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phone booths each night, covering herself with newspapers. For three weeks she picked grapes in the rain, 11 hours each day before her evening run. Then, tired and weak, the harvest over, she sought out the sun in Marseilles. But it did her no good. She began to shiver and to grow even weaker. She found a room in a musty old hotel, and when a doctor finally came he kept repeating a word that Olinek interpreted as cholera. In fact, it's more likely that the physician was saying, "*chaleur*," in reference to her high fever.

Two weeks passed, though Olinek recalls little of them except the doctor's mournful words and the title of a gloomy poem, *Just Ducked a Swoop from the Reaper*, that she feverishly scrawled and lost. Finally her fever broke and she headed for the south of Spain. In Torremolinos, her money gone, she spent her first night in a Spanish phone booth, smaller and warmer than the Swiss variety. In Rota, near Gibraltar, she got a job as a barmaid in the Tokio Bar. It paid $2 a day, and 50¢ of that went for a room, but there was a U.S. naval base nearby, and if a sailor bought you a drink, for about 70¢, you got to keep about 35¢. Olinek didn't tell the man who hired her about her recent illness, but for two months she didn't dare touch alcohol, and she made almost no money. She ate vegetables that the markets discarded, and octopus that she trapped in tide pools at low tide and boiled over a hot plate in her room. At first she lay in the sun all day, still too weak to run, until, after growing a little stronger, she began making more money by drinking heavily, sometimes 20 or 30 shots of Scotch a night. This went on for six months, and as she says now, "Just how many days can you wake up with one foot in the grave and the other on a bar of soap?"

Olinek started running a bit. Her training shoes had been stolen in Rome, so she ran barefoot on the beach. "I fell in love with running again," she says. Late in the summer of 1975, she was back in Toronto. She found part-time work in a library, restoring old books. Soon it was winter. She ran at night on the ice and in the snow. Rather, she ran, stumbled and slid. She lived rent free in an unheated carriage house, where sometimes the temperature at night fell to 30 below zero. A midnight trip to the bathroom was an exercise in survival tactics, especially when she wasn't feeling well; she was still suffering from the aftereffects of the disease that had laid her flat in Marseilles. She told Tony Urbaitis, her best friend and 71-year-old landlord, "I don't think I'm operating at full power."

Grandi gave Olinek lots of support at the Peachtree race

"Then don't run," he said. "Get a real job. Eat. Get healthy. Be warm."

"I have to run," Olinek said.

Her heart was set on the Montreal Olympics. Two weeks before the Trials she woke one morning at 4:30 drenched in cold sweat, writhing and nearly delirious. Four days later, on a Wednesday, she got out of bed and jogged around the driveway. She arranged an invitation to run in the Martin Luther King Games that weekend in Atlanta, and came in third in the 1,500. But she was still weak from her illness, and hitching back to Toronto without stopping to sleep didn't make her stronger. At the Trials she led the 1,500 with 500 meters to go but then faded to the back of the pack. Her Olympic dream was ended.

Then Olinek decided to train for the upcoming cross-country season. One August afternoon, while running along Lake Ontario, she met another runner—Michael Grandi. He was a singer and a songwriter then, with a Top 40 single record in Quebec, *Hey Friend*. He'd been using the name Michael Polacco in the music world. He and Olinek had run together for only about five minutes when he said, "You could be one of the world's greatest female marathon runners."

"You're absolutely crazy," she replied, adding that whenever she tried to run distances she developed severe bronchitis.

"Do you drink milk?" Grandi asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Stop," he told her. "It produces mucus in your system."

One hot morning that October Olinek was hitching to a race in northern Ontario and was picked up by a man in a green 1968 Pontiac. Instantly she knew that something was wrong. The driver wouldn't talk, and his knuckles were white on the steering wheel. "Please stop the car," she said, "I just remembered I've got to make a phone call."

The man grabbed her hair, yanked her head back against the seat and snarled, "I'm going to kill you."

Olinek still can't recall how long she remained in that position, but finally from the corner of her eye she saw a farmhouse. Olinek relaxed her head in the man's grip and then jerked it free. She kicked out at the window, smashing it. The man tried to seize her again, but she pulled at the window frame and was through the opening and falling. After rolling and skidding in the gravel and melting tar of the road, she rose and stumbled toward the house, where she could see a man mowing the lawn. It hurt to breathe. The man with

the lawnmower phoned for an ambulance, which took her to the hospital. She says she was found to have several broken ribs, an ankle full of bone chips and torn cartilage in her right knee and that the attending physician recommended that the knee be operated on, "or you may never walk again." Olinek refused. She phoned Grandi, who was in Boston, and told him what had happened. He said, "I'm moving to Florida and you're coming with me."

They arrived in Fort Lauderdale on Jan. 31 of 1977. The next day Olinek tested her knee at Holiday Park, which is eight-tenths of a mile in circumference, and she failed to complete even one lap. But she ran a little farther each day, and on Feb. 18, she and Grandi participated in the Greater Miami Marathon. Olinek agreed to run with him as far as she could. At 12 miles, with the temperature nearing 90°, she said goodby and slumped to the curb. Soon another woman runner came by and said, "Oh great. I'll stop, too."

"No," Olinek said, "don't stop. I'll run with you."

At the 19-mile point someone called out, "Keep going and you might qualify for Boston." Olinek knew that the qualifying time was 3:30, and she said to her partner, "We're going too slowly. I'll see you later."

She was the first woman to finish. Her time was 3:29.

Olinek didn't think she was ready for the Boston Marathon, so on March 17 she entered one in Fort Myers, Fla. Again she led the women, in 3:18:30. A month later, after starting so far back in the pack in Boston that it took her six minutes to reach the starting line, she finished fourth among the women. Her time was 2:56:55. Miki Gorman was first, in 2:48:33.

No one had told Olinek that it was unwise to run three marathons in three months, so a searing pain in her right Achilles tendon made the point. It was October before she could jog again, and in late March of the next year, frustrated and impatient and with the Achilles improved enough to consider racing again, she trained for a week and entered Fort Lauderdale's 7.6-mile Heart Run. The male and female winners' air fare would be paid to the Boston Marathon two weeks later. Olinek covered the first three miles in 15:45, but doesn't remember anything after that. At one point she was seen trying to climb to the roof of a car, waving her arms wildly; eight-tenths of a mile before the finish she ran herself into unconsciousness. She spent the rest of that day in the hospital, with a combination of heat stroke, dehydration and exhaustion, and the next day in bed at home. But when some friends offered her air fare to Boston—the marathon was now a week off—she got up and said, "I know I can win."

She reached the 13.1-mile Wellesley College checkpoint leading and running comfortably, and her 1:58 at the 20-mile point was a 2:33 marathon pace. "But then came rigor mortis," as she puts it. The temperature was only 46° and she began exhibiting symptoms of hypothermia, shivering uncontrollably and growing increasingly drowsy. Unable to close her hands, she grabbed for cups of water and watched them splash to the street. At one point she nearly ran into a wall. Those last six miles and 385 yards took her 55 minutes. She finished in 2:53:25, 3½ minutes faster than in 1977, but her ranking among the women fell from fourth to 10th.

For a week after that Boston Marathon Olinek couldn't walk. She couldn't run comfortably until July, when a Coral Springs, Fla. podiatrist named Kenneth Rehm made her a remarkable pair of orthotics—or maybe it was just the patient that was remarkable. Not only did the orthotics position Olinek's feet so that they transmitted power from her legs more efficiently than before, but in doing so they changed the shape of her legs almost overnight. The muscle that gives width to the calf is the soleus, and Olinek's inner solei were already legendary from Boston to Miami. Now, with the outer ones popping as well, she met a Hollywood, Fla. microbiologist, biochemist and chiropractor named Jack Kahn. He determined that she had a toxic liver, anemia, reactive hypoglycemia and a protein deficiency. He changed her diet and prescribed megadoses of vitamins and minerals. She became healthier than she had been in years, and all that new calf muscle didn't slow her down, either. She began to run faster. Her dreams became unusually vivid.

In one, a week before running in New Orleans' Mardi Gras Classic Marathon in February 1979, she dreamed she was running a race on a bridge. "I was winning," she says, "and I was winning fabulously. I didn't recognize the bridge, but I couldn't see land on either side."

When she arrived in New Orleans and learned that a police strike had forced a change in the racecourse, she asked, "Where will it be now?"

"On the Pontchartrain Causeway," she was told.

"Can you see land?"

"No."

"I got chills," Olinek recalls. "I knew it was the bridge from my dream."

Her winning time was 2:38:11, but a tail wind had blown through much of the race, gusting to 20 mph, and overnight Olinek had a new nickname: "wind-aided." After all, her previous best marathon time had been 15 minutes slower; two months after the Mardi Gras race she ran a 2:47:30 at Boston, nearly a six-minute improvement on her previous best there but good for only ninth place. Her competition was still improving too quickly; in September, at the Women's International Marathon Championships in Waldniel, Germany, her time of 2:44:04 put her in sixth place.

Back in Florida, Olinek decided she wasn't strong enough. She began strapping two- to five-pound weights to her ankles and doing dancer's *pliés* and marching up and down in front of her bedroom mirror, knees high, for up to an hour at a time. She also chinned dozens of times each day on a bar she had installed in the doorway to her kitchen. She did these things for two months, and the first test of their effectiveness came in December, in the Fiesta Bowl Marathon. For the second time in her running career, someone called out, "One fifty-eight," as she passed the 20-mile mark. On the previous occasion, at Boston in 1978, "rigor mortis" had set in; now, though her pace slowed, she finished in 2:36:12. That made her the third fastest woman marathoner of the year, but still she wasn't happy with her time. "I'm a sub-2:30 marathoner," she kept telling Grandi. "I know it. I just haven't run that fast yet." But it was nearly time to begin serious track training for the 1980 Olympics. When that started, her marathoning would be over for quite a while, so she decided

continued

to enter last February's Mardi Gras.

The wind was strong at this one, too, but it blew from the side. (Olinek would finish with an earache.) Her first split, at one mile, was 5:45, just right for a 2:30 clocking, and she was holding back; she had plotted her race, as usual, 58 minutes for 10 miles, 1:25 for 15, 1:54 for 20. She had always been good at keeping a pace, but that required knowing where she was, and now for 19 miles after that first split there were no official markers and no one to call out times. She didn't know whether to speed up or to hold back. Finally, at 20 miles, she got another split, 1:57:13, a pace of 5:48 per mile. Turning to Grandi, who was running alongside, she asked, "What do I have to do the rest of the way for a 2:30?" Grandi, figuring as he ran, said, "Less than 5:30 a mile." Olinek groaned and said, "I could run *this* pace all day, but I can't go any faster."

The temperature was only 34° and she could feel all her old injuries. With 200 yards left in the race, she summoned up the energy for a sprint, lunged past the finish line and glanced up at the clock. It read 2:35.12, and at that moment she was the third-fastest woman marathoner of all time.

Back again in Florida, Olinek began training for the Olympics—or attempting to. One evening last March she ran seven miles to a high school track only to find the gate locked. Looking up at the nine-foot-high fence, topped with barbed wire, she said to Grandi, "That just about does it." Three weeks later they were in California, and one night before the Zane contest she received a phone call from her sister, Susan, in Toronto, who asked, "Do people have to pay to get into this contest?" "Yes," Gayle said, "$15." And Susan reminded Gayle of her vow that someday people would pay to see her legs.

Olinek was the only one of the 17 women in the Zane who had never been in a bodybuilding contest. And the level of competition may have been the finest ever, eight of the women having won at least one national title. The seven judges, three men and four women, had been cautioned to watch for stretch marks, cellulite and bowlegs, but they found only perfect skin and straight bones. The day would be won by ideal proportions and by the right combination of muscular development and "femininity."

One thing was sure: nothing in the contest stirred the judges, for better or worse, than Olinek's arrivals and departures. The excitement she created was out of proportion to the scores she was given, just as her legs—so more than one judge said—were out of proportion to her arms and shoulders. What are the "ideal" proportions? Olinek offered one version; the best of the rest. Stacey Bentley, offered another, and Olinek wondered, "Am I ahead of my time or just out of step?"

She has been asking herself that question for much of her life. On the tracks and on the roads she'd used her distinctive soleí and quadriceps to get her to the finish lines first, on the stage in Santa Monica the best they could do for her was seventh place. "Give me the stopwatch every time," Olinek said. "It never lies."

In the days after the contest, Olinek kept saying, "What irks me is having neglected so much of my running training and then not even placing. I may have had the best legs in the group, but so what? There were no separate awards for legs."

The next Saturday in Atlanta Olinek had the best legs in a group of more than 25,000 men and women, none of whom had competed in the bodybuilding contest. The 10-km. Peachtree Classic had more runners than any other U.S. road race in history. The start looked like a scene from a Charlton Heston Bible epic. Olinek stood around answering questions about her legs. One girl asked, "Do you run all the time, or do you lift weights, too?"

"Weights, too," Olinek told her.

"Ever in a bodybuilding contest?"

"Last week." She winced as she said it.

"You won the legs, didn't you?"

Forty-seven seconds into the Peachtree a large man came elbowing past and smashed Olinek's stopwatch. Thereafter, she had no way of pacing herself, but it didn't make any difference. "I was only in fair shape," she admitted, after struggling to a fifth-place finish among the women; her time of 35:31 was two minutes and 43 seconds behind Patti Lyons Catalano's winning 32:48.

"I'll have to figure out how to train for 10-K races," she told Grandi.

"But, Gayle," he said, "you only ran nine miles last week."

"I know," she replied. "Too bad there's no biathlon combining bodybuilding and road racing. I could retire with the record."

Had Olinek failed in her unprecedented doubleheader, or as friends kept insisting, had she scored a triumph of sorts simply by having competed? The latter view gave her little solace. And now she was tired. After Peachtree, she developed a severe inflammation of the heel, plantar fasciitis. It made running on pavement and even on grass impossible. For many weeks she confined her training to the beach, but she couldn't run fast in the sand and her leg speed diminished. In mid-August her time of 40.42 in the Falmouth 7.1-mile road race placed her 10th among women. On the verge of a classic Olinek tailspin, she confronted the task of simultaneously regaining peak racing form and of staying off her injured heel.

Back in Venice, knee deep in the surf, she rose on her toes and strode for miles in the swirling water. At the UCLA track, still on her toes, she got some of her leg speed back by running mile after five-minute mile. The weeks passed, her heel grew less painful, and in mid-September she won Los Angeles' 10-km. KNBC Peacock Run, in 33:57, beating her personal record for the distance by more than a minute.

One night later that week, coming off Venice beach at sunset, Olinek met a quartet of typical locals. One of them, clad in purple velvet briefs and gold lamé roller skates, had a squawking cockatoo dancing on his clean-shaven scalp. He stepped forward, gestured toward Olinek, turned to his friends and said, "There she is, the woman with the greatest legs in the world." Then he turned toward Olinek. "I just want you to know that you are in the best shape of anyone I have ever seen," he said. "I tip my hat to you." He reached upward, as if for a hat, and got a painful peck on the hand for his gesture of gallantry.

Two weeks after the Peacock Run, in the second 10-mile race of her life, Olinek was runner-up to Jacqueline Gareau, in 58:44, in Lynchburg, Va. "I'm getting there," she said, apparently on the comeback trail again. It was a course she knew well. She had been running it, it seemed, all of her life. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the weeks Dec. 15-28

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

PRO BASKETBALL—Not until Boston won its 10th game in a row could the Celtics gain any ground on the Atlantic Division-leading 76ers, whose 33–5 record put them on pace to break the 1971-72 Lakers league record for victories (69). A Philly 10-game win streak was snapped 125–121 by Denver on the same night Boston was winning its 10th straight, 112–107 over Atlanta. Among the Celtics' earlier victories were a 107–102 beating of Cleveland in which Robert Parish had 24 points and 16 rebounds and a 117–108 triumph over the Knicks that was highlighted by Larry Bird's 28 points and 20 rebounds. Pacific Division leader Phoenix, whose 32–8 record was the NBA's second-best at week's end—Boston ranked third at 28–8—also was on a streak. The Suns' seven consecutive wins included a 116–106 victory over second-place Los Angeles that increased Phoenix' lead to 6½ games. The Lakers' one bright spot, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar became the fifth NBA player to score 25,000 career points while pouring in 42 against the Spurs. The Pacific had two other hot teams in San Diego, which escaped the division basement with six wins in a row, and Portland, which got up to within one game of the .500 level after 12 victories in 13 starts. In the Midwest Division, on the other hand, San Antonio had stretched its lead to nine games while playing only slightly better than .500 ball for more than a month. Since Dec. 14 the division's other teams were a collective 6–27. At least they and some of the league's other stragglers could take solace in strong individual performances. Elvin Hayes' 15 rebounds in the Bullets' 109–94 victory over New Jersey moved him past Walt Bellamy into fourth place on the all-time rebounding list with 14,251. Utah's Adrian Dantley, with a 31.7-point-per-game average, retained his scoring lead over Houston's Moses Malone (28.1) and San Antonio's George Gervin (28.0).

BOXING—LUPE PINTOR retained his WBC bantamweight title with a majority decision over Alberto Davila in Las Vegas.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Florida beat Maryland 35–20 in the Tangerine Bowl; Brigham Young won the Holiday Bowl 46–45 over SMU; Penn State defeated Ohio State 31–19 in the Fiesta Bowl; Purdue scored a 28–25 victory over Missouri in the Liberty Bowl; Arkansas whipped Tulane 34–15 in the Hall of Fame Bowl; and Nebraska defeated Mississippi State 31–17 in the Sun Bowl. Boise State won the NCAA Division I-AA title by beating Eastern Kentucky 31–29 in Sacramento, and Elon defeated Northeastern Oklahoma 17–10 at Burlington, N.C. to win the NAIA Division I title.

PRO FOOTBALL—Dallas defeated Los Angeles 34–13 and Oakland beat Houston 27–7 in the wild-card playoff games (*page 16*). A week earlier, as the regular season ended, Buffalo won the AFC East title by edging San Francisco 18–13, San Diego clinched first place in the AFC West with a 26–17 win over Pittsburgh, Cleveland's 27–24 victory over Cincinnati gave the Browns the AFC Central championship; Houston defeated Minnesota, the NFC Central winner, 20–16; Philadelphia won the NFC East despite a 35–27 loss to Dallas; NFC West champ Atlanta also lost, 20–17 in overtime to Los Angeles, which also had beaten Dallas 38–14 in a Monday game; the Raiders won 33–17 over the Giants; New England overcame New Orleans 38–27; the Jets beat Miami 24–17; Chicago defeated Tampa Bay 14–13; Detroit routed Green Bay 24–3; Washington won 31–7 over St. Louis; Kansas City beat Baltimore 38–28; and Denver defeated Seattle 25–17.

HARNESS RACING—In the final race of his career, NIATROSS, Clint Galbraith in the sulky, won the one-mile $35,000 Elsie Berger Pace at Pompano Park by 15 lengths over Wizard Almahurst in a time of 1:54⅘. The winner retired with $2,019,212 in earnings and 37 wins in 39 career races.

HOCKEY—While the Islanders opened up their biggest margin of the season over the second-place Flyers by going 4–0–2, several of the league's tailenders were having noteworthy weeks as well. Hartford and Detroit, for instance, each were 3–1–2, Quebec had three wins and a tie, and Winnipeg (*page 14*) finally ended its winless streak at a record 30 games by defeating Colorado 5–4. It was the Islanders, however, who were really rolling, beating the Jets 5–4 and 6–2, the Nordiques 5–2 and the Black Hawks 9–0. Against Chicago, the Isles' Mike Bossy had his sixth hat trick of the season, only one shy of the record shared by Joe Malone, Phil Esposito and Rick Martin. A 5–5 tie with the Whalers left the Islanders with 54 points and put them ahead of Philly (51), Los Angeles (50) and St. Louis (49). Hartford's Mike Rogers had two goals in the draw with the Islanders and at least one point in each of the Whalers' other outings to increase his scoring streak to 17 games, a league high this season. Anton Stastny of Quebec, also on a scoring binge, had a pair of goals in a 4–1 victory over St. Louis and two more in a 6–5 win over Hartford, while former U.S. Olympian Steve Christoff scored three goals for his first NHL hat trick in Minnesota's 6–2 triumph over Detroit. For the Flyers' rookie Goalie Rick St. Croix first NHL shutout, 2–0 over the Rockies, gave him a 1.89 goals-against average. Philadelphia was on the other end of a shutout against Washington. Mike Palmateer stopped 44 Flyer shots in a 6–0 win that was the 7-year-old Caps' first victory ever against Philadelphia.

TENNIS—FRITZ BUEHNING defeated Brian Teacher 6–3, 6–7, 7–6 to win the $125,000 New South Wales Open in Sydney, Australia.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: As coach of the Denver Nuggets, DONNIE WALSH, 39, following his team's 11–20 start this season. He was replaced by DOUG MOE, 41.

Fort Lauderdale Strikers Coach COR VAN DER HART, 52, whose team finished the 1980 season with an 18–14 record but lost to the Cosmos in the Soccer Bowl. ECKHARD KRAUTZUN, 39, who coached the Houston Hurricane in 1980, was hired to replace him.

FOUND GUILTY: In Ontario Provincial Court, of cocaine possession, Texas Rangers' Pitcher FERGUSON JENKINS, 37, who was arrested Aug. 25 after drugs allegedly were found in his luggage at the Toronto airport. Jenkins, who pleaded not guilty to the charge, received no sentence...and was given an absolute discharge by Judge Gerard Young, who cited Jenkins' exemplary past record.

HIRED: DENNIS GREEN, 31, former offensive coordinator at Stanford, to coach Northwestern's football team. He is the Big Ten's first black head football coach.

Former Arizona State Football Coach FRANK KUSH, 51, to coach the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the CFL.

NAMED: As winners of thoroughbred racing's 1980 *Eclipse Awards*—*SPECTACULAR BID*, horse of the year and best older horse; TEMPERENCE HILL, best 3-year-old colt; GENUINE RISK, best 3-year-old filly; LORD AVIE, best 2-year-old colt; HEAVENLY CAUSE, best 2-year-old filly; JOHN HENRY, best male turf horse; JUST A GAME II, best female turf horse; GLORIOUS SONG, best older filly or mare; PLUGGED NICKLE, best sprinter; ZACCIO, best steeplechaser; CHRIS McCARRON, best jockey; BUD DELP, best trainer; FRANK LOVATO JR., best apprentice jockey; MR. and MRS. BERTRAM FIRESTONE, best owners; and MRS. HENRY D. PAXSON, best breeder.

PLACED ON PROBATION: For two years because of more than 60 NCAA rule violations occurring between 1973 and 1978, the University of Colorado football program. Colorado will be barred from postseason play and NCAA telecasts until Dec. 8, 1981.

RESIGNED: After more than seven seasons as coach of the New Jersey Nets, KEVIN LOUGHERY, 40, who was replaced by his assistant coach, BOB MacKINNON, 53. Loughery's record with the Nets was 297–318 overall and 12–23 this season.

Texas Tech football Coach REX DOCKERY, 38, whose three-year record at the school was 15–16–2. He will take over as coach at Memphis State.

After guiding Boston College's football team to a 12–21 mark over three seasons, ED CHLEBEK, 38, who will become coach at Kent State.

SIGNED: By the Yankees to the most lucrative contract in baseball history, a 10-year deal reportedly worth almost $22 million, free agent Outfielder DAVE WINFIELD, 29 (*page 22*). The Mets signed First Baseman-Outfielder RUSTY STAUB, 36, while the Brewers got Third Baseman ROY HOWELL, 27.

DIED: Race driver PETER GREGG, 40, a six-time champion on the International Motor Sports Association GT circuit, of an apparently self-inflicted gunshot wound, in Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.

CREDITS

4—William Zamp. **12,13**—Paul Kennedy. **12,13**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **14,15**—Paul Kennedy (right); Steve Goldstein (2). **23**—Lana Stewart. **24**—Gerald R. Brimacombe. **25**—Tony Tnolo. **26**—Lana Stewart. **28**—Lana Stewart. **29**—Peter Read Miller. **43**—Walter Iooss Jr. **54**—Drew Levitan/Atlanta (top, center). **56**—Drew Levitan/Atlanta.

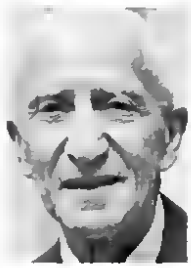
FACES IN THE CROWD

HEIDI LIPPMEIER
GREENHILLS, OHIO

Heidi, 16, who is 5 feet and 100 pounds, won the U.S. Women's Practical Pistol Championship in Hampton, Va. Firing a .45-caliber automatic in five events, two standing and three moving, she defeated seven other shooters, all older than she.

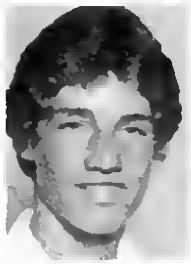
FREO SIMS
TUCSON

Sims set state class AAA one-season records with 2,010 yards rushing, 33 touchdowns and 206 points for 12–1 Sunnyside High. The 5'10", 205-pound senior had his best game against Santa Rita High, with 260 yards and five TDs.



RALPH STRONG
BRISTOL, CONN.

Strong, 86, a retired school principal who is coached by his wife, Bev, won the North American 85-and-over tennis championship in Charlottesville, Va. He defeated Travis Smith of Wharton, Texas 6–1, 0–6, 6–3 in the finals.



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JERRY MOYER
FLEETWOOD, PA.

Troy, a freshman striker, and Jerry, a senior linkforward, led the Fleetwood Area High soccer team to a 32–0–0 record and its second state title in three years. Troy was Fleetwood's top scorer with 40 goals, probably a national freshman record, while Jerry, with 37 goals, set what is believed to be a U.S. high school mark for assists in a season with 43, 12 of them on goals by Troy. Jerry's 103 career assists broke the school record of 66 set by his brother Doug between 1975 and 1978.

STEPHANIE ALPENIA
LA PALMA, CALIF.

Alpenia, a 5'3" sophomore setter, helped the Azusa Pacific College volleyball team win 28 of 34 regular-season matches and the NAIA title. She was named MVP of the national tournament, in which Azusa beat East Texas State in the finals.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OUR TEAM

Sir.

Congratulations on an outstanding choice for Sportsmen of the Year (*A Reminder of What We Can Be*, Dec. 22-29). All of America and possibly other parts of the world were uplifted by the triumph of the U.S. Olympic hockey team. I'll never forget being at the game and then later that night watching the replay on TV at the Holiday Inn in Lake Placid. Many of the players and their families laughed at and cheered each play in a joyous party scene. While reading E.M. Swift's excellent article I got a huge lump in my throat and tears surfaced all over again.

MICHAEL P ROSE
Pittsford, N.Y

Sir.

I am not, never have been and never will be a hockey fan, but I found myself caught up for that one moment when our Olympic team took the gold. In all the sports I do follow, I can think of no other moment more thrilling or satisfying than that. You called it right. They are the Sportsmen of the Year.

M.A. STEINDORF
The Dalles, Ore.

Sir:

The article on the U.S. Olympic hockey team by E.M. Swift is the best piece of sports journalism that I've ever read. Instead of merely glorifying a group of obviously talented athletes for their remarkable athletic achievement, Swift artfully details an amazing human drama played out over seven long months. The character studies within the article are superb.

An understanding of the ingredients of the events that took place in Lake Placid last February makes the savoring of the ultimate triumph so much sweeter. I shall read the article over again many times.

THOMAS J. SANTOS JR.
Boston

Sir:

The patriotism the Olympic hockey team aroused was the greatest thing I've ever seen. As E.M. Swift says, "The flags. My God, what a sight." Just knowing that the American spirit and American pride aren't dead is the most gratifying feeling any American could have. Those 20 young men might think that they played for themselves, but in truth they played for *all* America. Congratulations on your wisdom in choosing the most deserving Sportsmen ever.

JOHN HARRISON
Tyler, Texas

Sir:

The U.S. Olympic hockey team demonstrated what this country is all about: the land of opportunity. Those 20 young men really are "first in the hearts of their countrymen."

THOMAS SNYDER JR.
Hamilton Square, N.J.

Sir:

Bravo! No better choice could have been made. Too often today's heroes are quickly forgotten, but these gallant young men will live in our hearts forever.

MARC J. SHAFFER
CHRISTOPHER J. BERGMAN
Storrs, Conn.

Sir:

The article should be reprinted once every six months lest we forget the miraculous achievement of this fine group of young men.

GARY F. KEPHART
Fort Meade, Md.

Sir.

U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

DOUG HATFIELD
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

It was with great delight that I learned the Sportsmen of the Year trophy awarded by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to the U.S. Olympic team will eventually rest here at the United States Hockey Hall of Fame. This past June we dedicated a new display to the 1980 and 1960 gold medal teams. The SI trophy will be exhibited in the 1980 wing of the display, along with such memorabilia as Mike Eruzione's stick, Mark Pavelich's gold medal and Mark Johnson's jersey.

ROGER A. GODIN
Executive Director
United States Hockey Hall of Fame
Eveleth, Minn.

WORLD'S WORLD

Sir:

A world of thanks for John Papanek's article about Lloyd (All-World) Free, "the Prince of Midair," and the resurgent Golden State Warriors (*As the World Turns, So Do the Warriors*, Dec. 15). Although their life stories may resemble soap operas, Free and Bernard King have matured to become the guiding lights of the vastly improved Warrior club.

JODY TROLLINGER
Burlington, N.C.

Sir:

There's no sense crying over a wasted SI cover on Lloyd Free, but I would like to suggest a change in his nickname. After reading your article and watching his ball-hog tactics on TV, I think Lloyd (Gimme the Ball) Free would be more appropriate.

DRAKE TRAVIS
Etna, Calif.

Sir:

I'm glad that Lloyd Free is being recognized for his athletic ability and, more important, his sensitivity and fine personal characteristics. I rate him among the finest young men I've had the opportunity to associate with during my 24 years at Guilford College.

However, regarding Lloyd's statement that he attended a "nobody school," let me say that Guilford is widely respected for its academic excellence—four Danforth scholars in five years—and its concern for the individual. It's also interesting to note that at one time Guilford was reported to have more athletes in professional baseball than any college in the nation. From the 1920s to the 1940s, Guilford took pride in major league alumni like Ernie Shore, Tom Zachary, Luke Stuart, Stu Martin, Glenn Perry and Rick and George Ferrell.

In recent years Guilford has been represented in the NBA by Bob Kauffman (Seattle, Chicago, Buffalo and Atlanta), Greg Jackson (Phoenix), M.L. Carr (Boston) and Free. Jackson, Carr and Free were members of the 1973 NAIA national championship team. In addition, since 1966 Guilford has had 18 All-Americas—in baseball, basketball, football and golf—three NAIA Hall of Famers and two Coaches of the Year. Quite a record for a "nobody school."

HERB APPENZELLER
Director of Athletics
Guilford College
Greensboro, N.C.

VINDICATING THE VIKES

Sir.

As a devoted Minnesota Viking fan for the past 15 years, I feel that Paul Zimmerman's article on the Vikes was somewhat biased (*When the Dust Cleared, It Was Minnesota*, Dec. 22-29). In noting that for 14 straight years Minnesota has lost its final game of the season, he failed to state that 10 of those final games were NFL playoffs, including four Super Bowls, a record matched or surpassed by only Pittsburgh (four) and Dallas (five). The Vikings have been in transition since their last Super Bowl loss in 1977, yet they've won three out of the past four NFC Central Division titles. And this year marks their 11th such championship in 13 years. No NFL team can match that record.

If the Vikings win this year's Super Bowl game, both they and the NFC Central will finally be vindicated.

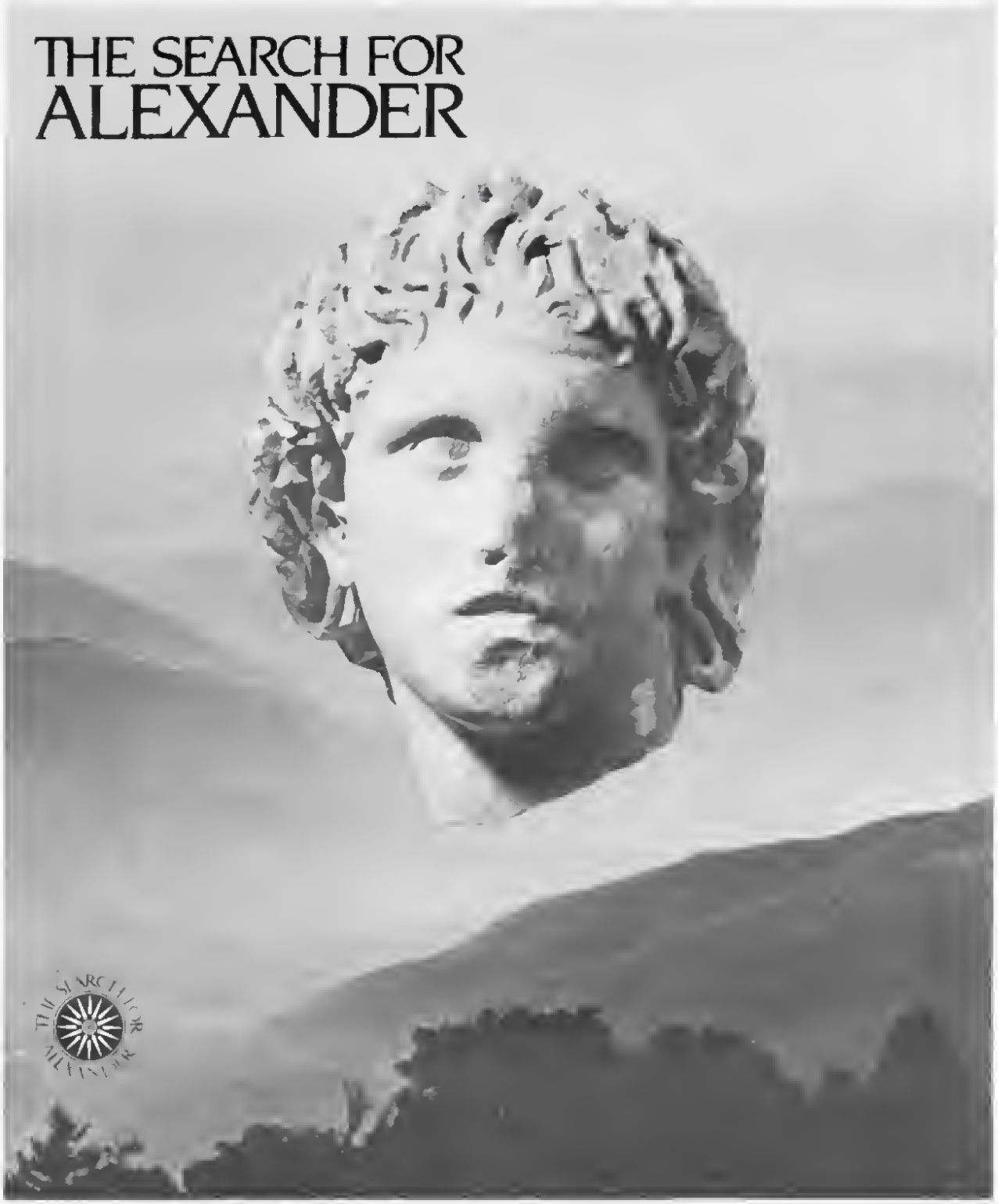
BOB MAUTNER
Davis, Calif.

Sir:

I don't know how you did it, but thanks a

continued

THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER



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Sports Illustrated
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lot for the rare picture of Bud Grant *smiling* It's a sight for sore eyes

TIM DOBINSKI
Manitowoc, WIS

RECOGNITION

Sir

Please say it isn't so! How could you do this to us? The University of Dayton Flyers went undefeated during the regular season, then staged one of the most dramatic comebacks in college football history in a game against Widener, and finally destroyed Ithaca, the defending NCAA Division III national champion, to win the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl 63–0. What do we get? One sentence in FOR THE RECORD (Dec. 15). Does the dream of an entire community deserve such a small amount of recognition? Hardly.

BOB MCKELVEY
Dayton

Sir

In your article on Ithaca College football (*In This Town, No. 1 Is No. 2*, Dec. 1) you state that the most renowned Ithaca alumnus athletically may be pro wrestler Bob (Gorilla Monsoon) Marella. Let's not forget Infielder Grover (Deacon) Jones, who in 1956 batted .409 for Dubuque in the minor leagues and later played for the Chicago White Sox (1962, '63 and '66). Jones is now the hitting coach of the Houston Astros.

HILTON RAHN
Bethlehem, Pa.

NOT THERE

Sir

I've just seen the article *Avery Brundage—the Man Behind the Mask* (Aug. 4). As an old journalist, I judge the accuracy of articles by any facts I am conversant with myself. I would therefore like to comment that, contrary to your story, I declined the invitation to the church ceremony and subsequent buffet dance on July 28, 1973, at which I was included amongst "other aristocrats and dignitaries."

LORD KILLANIN
Honorary Life President
Comité International Olympique
Dublin

KIDDING AROUND

Sir:

Concerning your choice of FACES IN THE CROWD (Dec. 22-29), that first one was a real dog. I can't figure out how he wormed his way into your column. What's more, Laws looks like a real crab, and I suppose Jimmy Carter had something to do with the big peanut eater. The Noon News was never slower coming in, and that kid of a goat is too young to play basketball. I suggest you screen your Faces more thoroughly in the future.

CHARLIE BRUNE
Decatur, Ind.

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